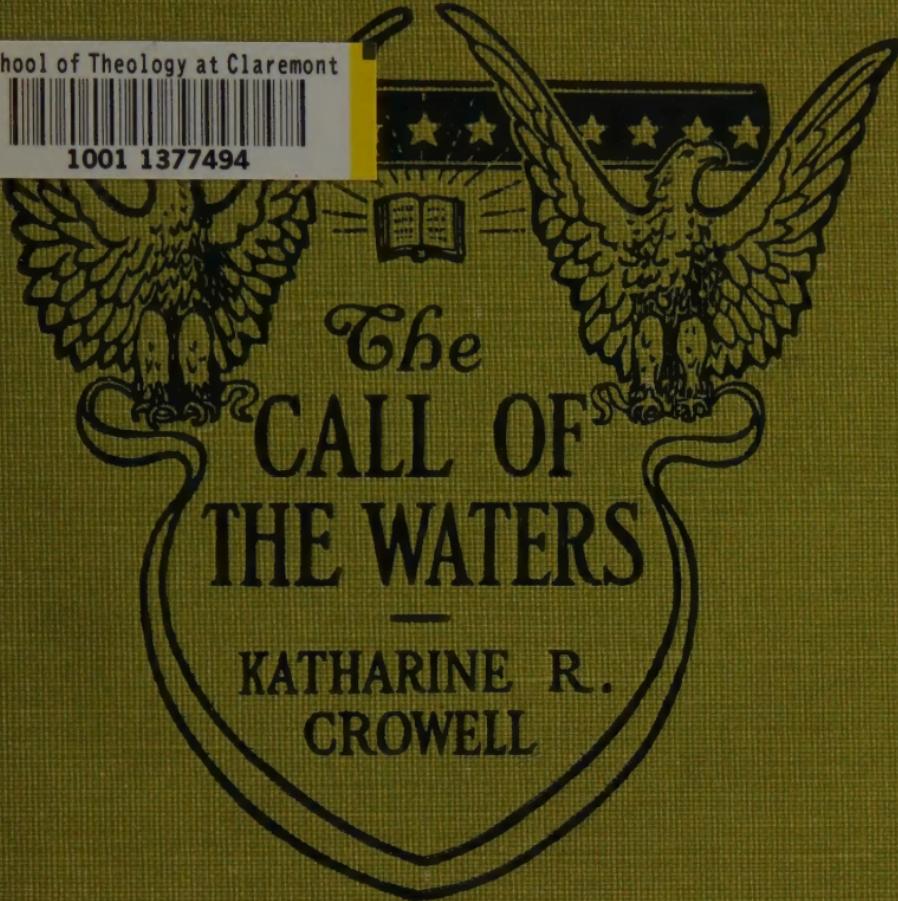


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The title is framed by two detailed illustrations of eagles facing each other, their wings spread wide. Between the eagles is a decorative banner with a repeating star pattern. The title text is integrated into the center of this banner.
**THE CALL OF
THE WATERS**

KATHARINE R.
CROWELL



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THE CALL OF THE WATERS

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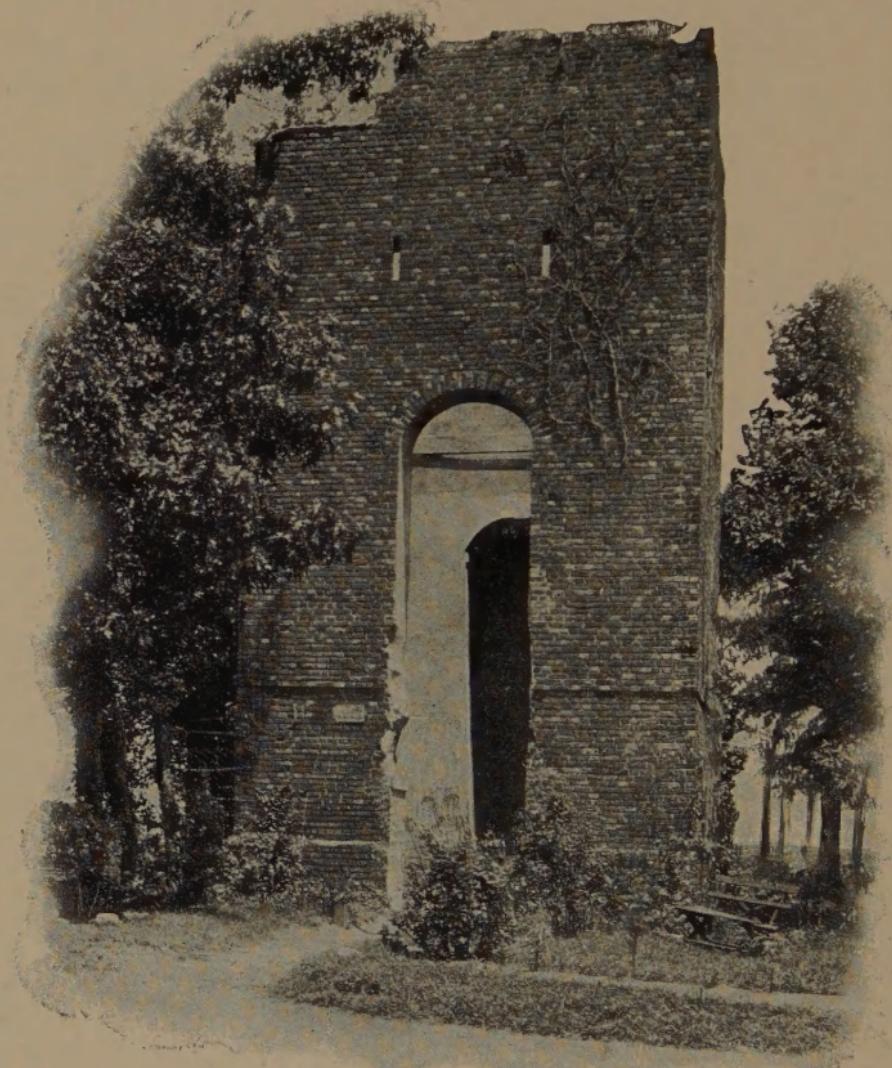
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**RUINS OF EARLY CHURCH (CHURCH OF ENGLAND)
AT JAMESTOWN, VA.**

THE CALL OF THE WATERS

A STUDY OF THE FRONTIER

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By
KATHARINE R. CROWELL

*Author of "Great Voyages," "Africa
for Juniors," "Pioneers," etc., etc.*



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LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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From the Editorial Committee

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4 From the Editorial Committee

beasts, the hunger, cold and loneliness, all these made the conquering of the frontier heroic work, indeed; and how the Church shared in it all "The Call of the Waters" will tell us.

There still lingers much of the frontier in the great Northwest, which is even yet in process of transformation, as are the new states of the Southwest.

Nor can we forget that there are those who to-day, answering "the call of the waters," are bringing with them, from their far-away European and Asiatic homes, a new and peculiar frontier, the winning of which will demand of the Church her utmost of zeal and wisdom and consecration.

It is obvious that this volume cannot go into details of history. By the many references given to historical sources such information may be readily obtained.

The book purposed chiefly to present in outline pictures the successive frontiers and to set before us the share the Church has had in these stirring epochs of our national life.

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The Frontier Moving Westward

I

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL

THE BIBLE LESSON

THE RIVER COURSES

Thus saith the Lord, who maketh a way in the sea, a path in the mighty waters.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks ; and His eye seeth every precious thing.

For He looketh to the ends of the earth and seeth under the whole heaven.

When He maketh a weight for the winds, and weigheth the waters by measure.

When He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning and the thunder.

He bindeth up the waters in His thick clouds ; He hath compassed the waters with bounds.

The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee.

Thy way was in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.

Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers ; the mountains saw Thee and trembled ; the overflowing of the waters passed by.

Jehovah, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of rivers of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of mountains and hills.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL

IN the Long Ago in the days when the morning stars sang together, first faintly sounded the distant, silver call of the waters. Thirsty animals felt the stirring of the air and turned quickly with listening ear. The far off music drew them on over hills and across vast plains, and after many days they reached the singing river. These pathways to the waters, trodden by trampling hoofs for countless ages, were the real beginnings of trails.

But the men of the forest still heard voices in the thunder of the cataract, or rush of rapids or in the whisperings of the reeds by the river.

In birch canoe they followed the luring call until in gurgling brook and twinkling spring the silvery music seemed to die away. Yet, always, far away was heard again the mocking, elusive call.

The white man also heard this call of the waters. Because he followed it, we have our story of the frontier and the beginning of the trail.

The voyagers of old time brought home

with them to England most beguiling stories of the new world they had discovered. Gold, they said, was to be found in the sands of the rivers; the Indians had "pecks of pearls" in their houses, wore "great plates of gold covering their whole bodies like armour," and the mountains were veined through and through with silver and gold. It was said, too, to be the delightful fact that the Indians would be only too happy to receive in exchange for the gold and silver, glass beads and other trinkets, or even very poor knives and hatchets.

One famous geographer and enthusiastic colonizer, who early and late told his tales of wonder to all who would listen, and wrote them for those who could read, thus describes "the great countreys" of the "new worldes" and their inhabitants and productions: "They are fertile," he says, "to bring forth all manner of corne and grayne, infinite sortes of land cattell, as horse, elephantes, kine, sheepe, great varietie of flying fowles of the ayre, as pheasants, partridge, quayle, popingeys, ostridges, etc., infinite kinds of fruits, as almonds, dates, quinces, pomegranats, oringes, etc., holesome, medicinable and delectable."

The encouragers of colonization held out hopes that any explorer or settler in the new country might at some unexpected moment become famous and wealthy by the sudden discovery that a few miles to the westward of his cabin

there opened out the great South Sea—that road to spices and gold, which all the world was then seeking. It was a credulous age, and with such “authentic” reports, to say nothing of even wilder rumours in the air, interest in America grew apace. The adventurer saw fame awaiting him; the poor man fancied he had but to hold out his hand to receive riches, and to the homeless and the persecuted came visions of a home where could be glorious freedom of thought and action. To them all—as always since that day—“America” spelled “Opportunity.” Men and women who were brave enough and forceful enough seized the opportunity and crossed the sea to America, giving us our first “frontier,” the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia.

The stories of the earliest colonies in America, important and deeply interesting as they are, scarcely come within the range of our study; yet we cannot in the least understand the westward march of the frontier without taking note of the Spanish possessions in America; of the French explorations and territorial claims; and of the early English attempts at colonization which, notwithstanding tragic sufferings and disappointments, and sometimes failure, were productive of important results.

Though these fascinating but devious trails would, in the end, surely bring us to the “frontier,” our way to it must be more direct. Yet

we may allow ourselves a glance out over the "Sea of Darkness"—which we now know as the Atlantic Ocean—only a little less mysterious and frightful in these still early days than when Columbus and his three little ships ventured forth over its unknown wastes.

As, in imagination, we look out over the waters towards the rising sun, we discern here and there interesting vessels drawn on their difficult way by the allurements of the new world. On the southern waters are Spanish galleons—the "liners" of that day—which will presently return home, laden perhaps with gold; we seem to see, too, fleets of courageous little boats manned by Frenchmen bound for the Northern Sea, where the abounding fish will prove their sure gold mine. A curious looking craft approaches the shore—much farther north than was intended by its captain; but by this inadvertent landing Cabot secures for England the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to Florida. There are Raleigh's ill-fated ships; and others which, having crossed the sea, are now hopefully pushing up the rivers whose seductive call lures them on and on, but never out into that fragrant and glittering and long promised sea of spices and gold.

But what matters it when the land already discovered is rich and fertile and beautiful! A land where even cooking vessels are made of silver and gold, and where in the great forests are little

children whose necklaces of diamonds flash among the trees, while gorgeous birds glitter in the branches above them !

Was not this wealth enough ? Leading merchants of England thought so, and in 1606 two trading companies were organized. These obtained charters from King James I, and were known as the London and Plymouth companies.

Emigrants to the new world were quickly found ; and again our fancy wanders out over the waters, where coming over the sea are the ships of the Jamestown colony—the *God Speed*, the *Discovery* and the *Susan Constant* ; then the *Half-Moon* ; later the unhappy *Treasurer*, then the *Mayflower*. Other ships follow these and the frontier and our study of it begin.

We are studying the frontier, and not a history of the United States, except in so far as the development of the one has made the other ; therefore we leave to the formal historian matters generally treated of when the Jamestown settlers, the Dutch patroons, the Pilgrims and the Puritans are discussed, and consider chiefly their struggles to overcome frontier conditions, and especially the efforts of the New England pioneers to imbed firmly in the foundations, the principles of that righteous commonwealth which they had sailed over sea to build.

Frontier conditions were nowhere more difficult than in New England, and we shall dwell

upon them somewhat at length, bearing in mind that many experiences of the Pilgrims and Puritans were common to all the colonies and that in them all were planted great treasures of manliness and womanliness, of faith and courage and devotion to the best ideals they knew.

The first immigrants came to this country as a product of the civilization of Europe ; they found a wild wilderness, and " primitive man." For the moment, we are curious as to which will conquer. But we recall the story of the first settlements, and there is no question about it ; for a time, at least, Europe was vanquished and " primitive man " was the victor.

We remember the fascination of that dignified son of the forest who one day issued from its glades and to the Pilgrim's astonishment, and to ours as well, uttered in good English the classic words, " Welcome, Englishmen ! "

As we shall see, it would have been a sorry day for America if the red man had not at that moment come to the rescue of the paleface.

We pass over the first terrible winter in the Plymouth colony. In the early spring there went forth into the wilderness a pathetic little group, all who were left of the *Mayflower* voyagers. Friendly Indians accompanied them and, in every point but one, primitive man had the advantage. He shows the European how to cut down the trees of the forest—he himself having

perhaps learned the lesson from the beaver—how to build a house, how to clear away the forest to make space for planting seeds.

But the month of March seems a little early, does it not, to plant seeds? On this stern New England coast the snow still lingered and underneath it was hard frozen ground.

This is the way the Indian conquered these conditions and secured early spring vegetables. Trees were chopped down over a wide space and allowed to remain where they fell. By means of twirling one stick of wood upon another, the mass of tangled branches was set on fire. The great heat melted the snow, and thawed out the frozen ground; the fire burned down, leaving a thick layer of ashes. In these warm ashes the Indian planted corn and pumpkin seed and beans. Before this he had taught the white man to fish, and knowing the sterility of the soil, he directed him while planting the corn—just so many kernels to a hillock—to drop in a fish as a fertilizer.

At the base of the hillock beans were planted,—to climb the corn stalks by and by—and between the rows were set the seeds of the pumpkin vine.

As primitive man taught so does the one-time European to this day!

The European would have starved to death in this first frontier, and there might never have

been a second, had it not been for the friendly Indian. He taught him—perhaps the Indian woman was in many instances the teacher—how to find and kill animals, to dig clams, to catch eels, to fish; and how to prepare and cook the food. He showed them the use of the “sugar trees” and how to secure wild honey. Later on, when the green corn was ready, it was the Indian woman who roasted it in hot ashes to show the paleface the proper way of cooking and serving. In the autumn when the ears were golden the Indians ground the kernels in a mill of their own contriving and then initiated the settlers’ wives into the mysteries of “suppawn,” “pones” and “succotash.” They also parched, or, as we more expressively say, popped the corn as a provision for long hunting trips, and, in a crowning effort, taught the art of baking beans in an earthen jar.

As to clothing it would seem that the stalwart materials in which the colonists were attired on their arrival in the wilderness would never wear out. But they did, and anything to replace them was three thousand miles away. As always, the wilderness and the Indian met the demand, and ever after until “linsey woolsey” was a possibility the settlers wore garments of leather—having learned from the Indians how to tan and sew it.

The European stood by and watched while the



THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Indian fashioned a bark canoe; later he made his own. He learned also to make a pirogue—otherwise known as a dug-out. He wore moccasins and travelled on snow-shoes, as the Indian taught him.

Here then are our colonists in their second winter by the sea, comfortable in strong log cabins—of Indian make—which are lighted in the long evenings by the flames of the roaring fire in the big chimney place, and by blazing pine-knots, which they must have some reason for calling "Indian candles."

Fathers and mothers and children are dressed in the before-mentioned leather garments, and the babies, warmly wrapped in fur, are lying cozily in Indian cradles.

The day's work in the clearing and the house has given hearty appetites for venison, baked beans and wild turkey, and for maple syrup and "jonny" cake of fine flavour because baked according to careful instructions on a plank of red oak over a fire of black walnut logs. Outside the snow falls, the winds roar, the wolves howl—what care they?

So we leave them in their Indian house, by their Indian warmth and light, in their Indian clothing and with plentiful supply of Indian food. Is European civilization, or the wilderness and primitive man the conqueror?

The Indian revealed to the white man the

sealed secrets of the forest. The white man owed to him, food, clothing, home, life itself. Just here two questions arise for answer :

· What service did the white man render the Indian in payment of this debt?

Why did the Indian, friendly at first, so soon become the deadly enemy of the English settler, while he continued to be the friend of the French invaders of Canada?

We should admit however that in the winning of his home, the colonist had two mighty adjuncts to the Indian resources—his axe and his firearms. And it is by these two weapons of the pioneer that we shall see the extension of the frontier—yet hardly without the support of the “pemmican” of the Indian; and both axe and rifle had large share in turning the friendly Indian into the settler’s implacable foe.

In this first frontier, conditions rapidly improved and each succeeding party of immigrants learned wisdom from the hardships and suffering of the earlier arrivals and came out from England better supplied with the necessities of life or the means of producing them. Cattle and sheep were brought over and, if not killed by wolves, thrived well in the new land.

As more forest was cleared away, hemp and flax were planted and the hum of the spinning-wheel and clatter of the loom were heard in the land. Windmills, sawmills, and grist-mills made

life easier than in the days when the axe did all the cutting of wood and the noisy Indian mortar must grind all the meal.

Already, too, in the New England frontier were the first plantings of ideas that have since become the glory of America. In the first place there was to be in the colony of Plymouth a free government in which every man was to take part. Each man was to win from the wilderness his own home in which the principles of the Christian religion were to be practiced.

The Sabbath was to be observed as a day of rest and worship. Each community was to have its church, its town hall in which matters of public interest were discussed, and its school, to which all children were compelled to go.

The settlements at first clung to the seacoast, but very soon groups of daring men and women began to move westward, along the beginning of the trail; northward, too, and southward. They had various reasons for going; the more fertile land of the river valleys attracted them; back in the forests they would still find the fur-bearing animals, which were their chief source of wealth; but more influential than these causes was the fact that time had shown that while the Pilgrims and Puritans passionately desired freedom to worship God in the way they thought to be right, they did not see the necessity or justice of allowing to others similar liberty of conscience.

The persecution which had been their lot in England, they now dealt out with stern and unsparing hand to those who refused to see the truth as they saw it and to obey the laws of the new commonwealth, with the result that many good men and women, exiled from the Massachusetts Colony, went forth once more into the wilderness.

These persecutions brought great suffering but led to good results; for presently, in 1636, we find a new settlement far "out West." Starting from Boston the Connecticut River was a long way off for Thomas Hooker and his congregation who travelled thither afoot, driving their cattle, and living mostly upon milk. The towns they built were soon, by a written agreement, united in one government, to which was given the name of Connecticut—the first government in the world to be created by a written constitution. About the same time Roger Williams began a settlement on Narragansett Bay. He called this settlement Providence, and here was established genuine religious freedom; no one was to be banished from his home on account of religious belief, and no one could be punished by the government for the way in which he worshipped God. The establishment of these colonies adds two great items to our bill of obligations to the New England frontier—the first democracy with a written constitution, and

the first government permitting individual religious liberty.

As towns and villages grew, churches also became numerous and within ten years of the landing of the Puritans thirty churches were established. It was difficult to secure ministers to serve so many, and it was at all times a matter of many months' waiting, for all must come over sea. It was necessary to educate for the ministry young men of the colonies, and accordingly, in these early days, six years after the arrival of John Winthrop, a college was founded and later named for John Harvard, who appears on this first frontier as the first in the long line of munificent endowers of American colleges.

While New England was thus laying foundations, stones were also set by other colonies.

One of the ships coming over sea was the *Half-Moon*. We know the captain well—through the magic of Irving's tales. Have we not often heard him rolling tenpins among those beautiful hills which the *Half-Moon*, sailing up an enchanting river, helped him to discover?

Hendrik Hudson hoped that this same river might soon lead him out to the Pacific Ocean—which was popularly supposed to lie about two hundred miles west of the Atlantic. He did not find this much searched for Northwest Passage, but, sailing back again down the shining river, he brought with him, in the furs which stocked

the *Half-Moon*, richer wealth than the gold and spices of the Indies.

These furs and Hudson's tales of inexhaustible supplies to be had for the shooting, or by trade with the Indians, speedily brought over a colony from Holland who made their first settlement at the mouth of Hudson's river, but in the pursuit of richer and yet richer furs soon dotted its banks as far north as Albany with trading posts and forts. The object of this Dutch colony was trade in furs; yet the first frontier gained from it the first free churches and the first free public schools of America; not to speak of many pleasant things which also we inherit from the first frontier and its Dutch occupation; as, for instance, the observance of New Year's Day, Christmas and Easter.

In the founding of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were set many goodly stones. As we think of them they seem to parallel the "fruits of the Spirit": "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

The gentle-minded and sorely-persecuted "Friends" or Quakers; prisoners released from the cruel and horrible bondage of English prisons; families made homeless and wageless by industrial changes in England; Germans crowded out of their fatherland—all of these and many others who suffered, found refuge and peace and plenty in William Penn's free state.

This frontier was a pleasant place. Fair dealing with the Indians ensured happy and peaceful homes, the colonists were earnest Christians—"diligent in business," as well as "fervent in spirit" and kindly in act. There were soon a flourishing commerce, the finest farms of the first frontier, publishing houses, and the printing of the Bible.

Think for a moment of our present hospitals and of the noble work they do, and of our colleges for women, and the work they do! For their beginnings we go back to the first frontier and to William Penn and his Quakers, for it is to their practical Christianity that we owe the idea of a College of Medicine, and of equal opportunities of education for men and for women.

Geographically, we come now to Maryland—lovely Maryland! No wonder that all who can, say "Maryland, my Maryland!" In the whirligig of time there came a period when persecution was meted out to Roman Catholics. To them America offered an asylum and an opportunity—and, strange to say, the Roman Catholic founders of the colony extended this opportunity to Protestants as well, and the first legislative action proclaiming religious toleration we set down to the credit of Maryland. A man might in this colony be free from molestation, whether a member of Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, or other Church. It was two

years later, as we have seen, that Roger Williams advanced even farther in allowing individuals to hold any form of Christian belief, whether members of churches or not.

Virginia had become fairly prosperous by the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; but its tragic experiences had prevented the carrying out of many noble plans which were in the hearts of the founders of the colony. So we miss in its first frontier some things that but for starvation and the Indians might have been there.

In Virginia were few towns but many large plantations. It was not desired that the children of the workers on these plantations should be educated. Schools were few and only for sons of the planters, who were, moreover, generally sent to England to be educated. Their education, the care of large estates and oversight of large bodies of labourers, trained the men of the southern frontier for leadership, and the time was coming when all the colonies would be in great need of leaders. In Virginia, as in New England, attendance upon the services of the church was obligatory, and during the frontier period many churches were built,—the first being the church of Jamestown.

To the Virginia frontier we owe also the first representative convention of lawmakers.

Carolina was cut off from Virginia, and later was divided into two royal provinces, North and

South Carolina. These had a mild climate and a rich soil; the colonists were English, Scotch-Irish, French Huguenots and Dutch, and the region speedily became prosperous,—and “orthodox” as well.

North Carolina had small plantations of corn and tobacco cultivated by slaves; the Southern province had immense plantations of indigo and rice, also worked by slaves. Many of the wealthy planters lived in Charleston, carried on a brisk commerce with England, and sent their sons “home” to be educated.

Georgia’s “frontier” did not begin until Virginia and New England had been progressing for a hundred years and more. Its reason for being was to give a chance in life to thousands of debtors shut up in English jails, in most wretched surroundings and utterly without hope. Thus Georgia’s frontier lays one more philanthropic stone in our foundations.

It is also interesting to observe that in this colony the sale of intoxicating liquor was prohibited by law.

Georgia brings us to our geographical limit, for on its southern side is Florida, then a part of the Spanish possessions in America. It assigns to us also almost the time limit of the first frontier, for a few years after its founding the first great westward movement began.

And let us bear in mind that now in the sec-

ond half of the eighteenth century New England has many villages and towns, much manufacturing, for the many swift streams furnish abundant water power for mills and factories, much commercial activity also, and many churches; Harvard, Yale, Brown and Dartmouth Colleges are flourishing, and a strong people, mostly Puritans, who are striving to live according to the Ten Commandments. New York has a mixed population—of Dutch and English, with a few French Huguenots. There were at this time many good schools, and in the city of New York was King's College, now Columbia University.

Pennsylvania was flourishing and Philadelphia a city of great interest. The Quakers, Moravians and Germans had some excellent private schools, and the University of Pennsylvania was a pioneer in offering courses of study in law, medicine and science. New Jersey rejoiced in many beautiful farms, an English—largely Quaker—population, and the new-born College of New Jersey.

Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas were largely Episcopal as New England was largely Puritan; agriculture was the chief pursuit, and rivers the chief means of communication. Large plantations were the rule and the people were of three classes, planters, negroes, and “poor whites.”

From Maryland to Georgia there was but one institution of higher learning—the College of

William and Mary; and this was mainly for planters' sons.

The Church of England was established in the southern colonies about as Congregationalism was established in New England and the middle colonies.

Roads were few and usually bad. Pennsylvania alone had cause for pride in this line; bridges were also few. Rivers were forded or crossed on rafts; there were a few funny little ferries—as it would seem to us now; but they were indeed a blessing then.

Boston was six days from New York, and Philadelphia two or three days,—by stage coach. Very few people in those days “possessed the world by travelling.”

On the water, travel was by slow sailing vessel or by canoe.

Mails were irregular—to state the case mildly. There was no daily newspaper, but there were a few weeklies, poorly printed, *we* should think.

The population of the colonies was about a million and a half, and the Star of Empire—according to Bishop Berkeley—or the centre of population, according to the census map—stood over the head of Chesapeake Bay.

At this point we should notice three great happenings, not because they pertain to the first frontier, for the Atlantic coast has passed out of the frontier stage, but because of their effect

on the character of many who should soon go forth to influence the second frontier.

The earliest of these events was the establishment, largely through the efforts of Dr. Bray, a Maryland clergyman of the Church of England, of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," for the spreading of the Gospel in the "colonies, factories, and plantations of England," and it is with a strange little thrill that we realize that we were chiefly the "Foreign Parts," for whose welfare especially the Society was organized. "We" in the colonies of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas; and also for the "first Americans," Indian tribes whose homes were in our southern territory. There was ample justification for these efforts for the later immigration had not always been for conscience' sake, and there was great need for a planting of righteousness in the land.

The second happening was the Great Revival, which profoundly influenced all classes in New England, and especially the leaders of religious thought, and indirectly produced important results elsewhere. Jonathan Edwards was preëminent in this Revival.

Lastly there was the Great Awakening whose beginning was in the year 1740 when George Whitefield first came to America. As its name implies, this movement awakened as from a deep sleep the churches throughout the land, and much after-good can be traced to it. Princeton and Dartmouth Colleges were indirect results of the Great Awakening.

THE FIRST "CHURCH" AT JAMESTOWN

After a long and stormy passage, the three ships,—the *God Speed*, the *Discovery* and the *Susan Constant*,—entered Chesapeake Bay in the last week in April, and made their way into Hampton Roads. The name Point Comfort testifies to their relief and joy. Sailing up the wide river which they named for King James, their patron, they disembarked on the 13th of May at a little peninsula. They called the place Jamestown, thus connecting the king's name with English Christianity in

America, as it was soon to be connected with the English Bible.

They landed on Wednesday. On Thursday, they set about the erection of a fort, a three-cornered structure with a cannon at each angle. They prepared for Sunday by hanging up an old sail, fastening it to three or four trees, to shelter them from sun and rain; seats they made of logs; a bar of wood between two trees served for a pulpit.

There in the wilderness, with the river before, and the unbroken forest behind, every day began and ended with the Prayer-book prayers.—*Hodges.*

“THE CHURCH IN THE FORT”

The first religious service on Manhattan Island was held in the trading post established here by the Dutch in 1614, five years after the first landing made by Hendrik Hudson. The first New York pastor was the Rev. Jonas Michaelius. The first permanent church was regularly organized by this pastor in the summer of 1628. This church, known to-day as the Collegiate Church of New York, is the oldest with a continuous history in America. The first place of stated worship was in the ample loft of a horse-mill, so called to distinguish it from two others which were windmills, and is now known as 32 and 34 South William Street. The first church bell in New York, captured by the Dutch in 1625 from the Spaniards in Porto Rico, pealed out its call to worship from the belfry of this horse-mill church. The first ruling elder of this first church was Peter Minuit, who was also the first Director-General of this Commonwealth and the first of the great Dutch Patroons, “a wholly incorruptible man.” The first real estate transaction on Manhattan was the purchase of the whole island by Peter Minuit, and the mynheers of this church, for the modest sum of sixty florins (\$24.00). The first school, founded in 1633 by the Dutch Church, with Adam Roelantsen as the first schoolmaster, is now the Collegiate School at 77th Street and West End Avenue, and is the oldest educational institution in America. The first church organ used in New York was one presented to the Consistory of the

Dutch Church by Governor Burnet in 1720. The first sanctuary erected on Manhattan Island exclusively for worship was a wooden edifice built in 1633 on the site now 39 Pearl Street. This in turn was followed by a stone structure, built within the ramparts in 1642, known as "The Church in the Fort." The tenth building in this historic series of sanctuaries is the Marble Collegiate Church, at Fifth Avenue and 29th Street. It is built of Hastings Marble in Romanesque style. Its massive clock and bell tower terminate in a spire 215 feet high, surmounted by a gilded weathercock six and one half feet high, after the manner of early Dutch churches.

THE PILGRIM CATHEDRAL

"We cannot too often read the story which tells how the *Mayflower* Pilgrims landed upon those desolate shores. Every reading of it sets the pulses throbbing with nobler resolves and higher impulses. As they landed the waves broke over them, and as the water struck them it froze, and they stood in ice, clothed as in coats of mail. But they landed, and when they landed they remembered whence they came and why, and they knelt in prayer and in a new dedication to God and to the cause which brought them there.

"'Amid the storm they sang, and the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem
of the free.'

"They built their church and beside the church their schools,
and there they grew and produced men worth producing."

"On the brow of the hill overlooking the bay where the *Mayflower* was moored, they have reared a colossal statue. On the four corners of the pedestal repose four figures representing law, morality, freedom, and education. There ought they to rest by right. But above these stands erect the gigantic figure of Faith. Thirty-six feet she rises from the foot, which rests on a slate of Plymouth Rock, to her brow bound with

evergreen laurels. With one hand she grasps an open Bible: with the other she points the nation up to God."—*Christian America*.

ONE ITEM OF OUR DEBT

A great field of tall Indian corn waving its stately and luxuriant green blades, its graceful spindles, and glossy silk under the hot August sun, should be not only a beautiful sight to every American, but a suggestive one; one to set us thinking of all that Indian corn means to us in our history. It was a native of American soil at the settlement of this country, and under full and thoroughly intelligent cultivation by the Indians, who were also native sons of the New World. Its abundance, adaptability, and nourishing qualities not only saved the colonists' lives, but altered many of their methods of living, especially their manner of cooking and their tastes in food.

A field of corn on the coast of Massachusetts or Narragansett or by the rivers of Virginia, growing long before any white man had ever been seen on these shores, was precisely like the same field planted three hundred years later by our American farmers. There was the same planting in hills, the same number of stalks in the hill, with pumpkin vines running among the hills, and beans climbing the stalks. The hills of the Indians were a trifle nearer together than those of our own day are usually set, for the native soil was more fertile.

The Indian method of preparing maize or corn was to steep or parboil it in hot water for twelve hours, then to pound the grain in a mortar or a hollowed stone in the field, till it was a coarse meal. It was then sifted in a rather closely woven basket, and the large grains which did not pass through the sieve were again pounded and sifted.—*Home Life in Colonial Days*.

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

All the southern lands lay at the feet of the conquerors. The British leaders, overbearing and arrogant, held almost unchecked sway throughout the Carolinas and Georgia; and look-

ing northward they made ready for the conquest of Virginia. Their right flank was covered by the waters of the ocean, their left by the high mountain barrier-chains, beyond which stretched the interminable forest ; and they had as little thought of danger from one side as from the other.

Suddenly and without warning, the wilderness sent forth a swarm of stalwart and hardy riflemen, of whose very existence the British had hitherto been ignorant. Riders spurring in hot haste brought word to the king's commanders that the back-water men had come over the mountains. The Indian fighters of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the western waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles and were pouring down to the help of their brethren of the plains. . . . The mountain-men had done a most notable deed. They had shown in perfection the best qualities of horse-riflemen. Their hardihood and perseverance had enabled them to bear up well under fatigue, exposure, and scanty food. Their long, swift ride, and the suddenness of the attack, took their foes completely by surprise. Then, leaving their horses, they had shown in the actual battle such courage, marksmanship and skill in woodland fighting, that they had not only defeated but captured an equal number of well-armed, well-led, resolute men, in a strong position. The victory was of far-reaching importance, and ranks among the decisive battles of the Revolution. It was the first great success of the Americans in the South, the turning-point in the southern campaign, and it brought cheer to the patriots throughout the Union. The loyalists of the Carolinas were utterly cast down, and never recovered from the blow ; and its immediate effect was to cause Cornwallis to retreat from North Carolina, abandoning his first invasion of that state.—“ *The Winning of the West*,” see Part III, Chap. V.

One hundred and fifty years were needed to push the frontier from the Atlantic coast westward to the mountains, but while the settlers

were taming this country, hunters and trappers were pushing on up the river courses and over trails far to the north and south and west. Many of these daring men gave up their lives to the wilderness but some returned with their pelfries to the markets of the coast, having marvellous stories to tell of rich lands and plentiful game on the other side of the mountains.

Once across the first ranges, passage down the long river valleys of the Appalachians was comparatively easy, and by the middle of the seventeenth century hardy men and women from the colonies of New York and New Jersey, Maryland and even Virginia, were forming settlements near the trading posts of the trappers on the banks of the Kanawha, the Yadkin and the French Broad.

To a little settlement on the Yadkin, came journeying about this time a family from Pennsylvania. Father and sons were masters of woodcraft, and famous hunters, who made long and ever longer trips into the wilderness. One of the sons we know as that most intrepid and skillful explorer and guide, Daniel Boone. So far did he and other frontiersmen of this region wander and so prolonged were their absences from home that they were known as the Long Hunters. When they did at length return they told tales of a wonderful land of beauty and fertility "so good as to be like Paradise" lying far westward

beyond the mountains and the long stretching forests, which had been previously supposed to reach even to the coast of the Pacific Ocean; the way thither was indeed difficult and beset with perils from man and beast, by day and by night, but the goal was worth all the hardships and risks of reaching it. These stories of the blue grass land spread like wild-fire among the frontiersmen of Virginia and North Carolina.

While the Long Hunters had been making their slow progress across the mountains and through dark forests, an easier way to the beautiful western country was discovered in the "River of the White Caps," known to the French as *La Belle Riviere*. The Indians called it O-hi-o. Now begins to open before us our second frontier, for by pack-train over the "Wilderness Road" and down-stream by raft and flat-boat and clumsy square-end scow and dug-out, began a great immigration to the fair country of "The Kaintuckee," the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

Boone himself, with a band of helpers, cut out the celebrated Wilderness Road, after all only a bridle-path, through dim and silent forests, which stretched out endlessly in a gray twilight, for seldom could a ray of sunlight flicker through the thick roof of leaves.

Through this silent forest passed the silent pack-trains, scarcely breaking the stillness, for

never could these early travellers know how close to them might be their Indian foes. A long journey and a gloomy one, lonely and gray and still, and better so, for any sound of humankind must mean death or worse than death. As night came on there were sounds, stealthy sounds, of panther perhaps. There were hooting of owls, and howling of wolves. There was sometimes the blood-freezing yell of an Indian attack.—Oh, happy were the mothers and children when at last they reached the open glades and sparkling waters, the gorgeous flowers and the sunny meadows and the singing birds of the beautiful land of the blue grass.

The river way was easier. Much easier, one would think, simply to float with the current down-stream. Yet there were unsuspected rapids and unseen rocks and unknown channels; and Indian arrows whizzing forth from forests skirting the river; not only arrows, for firearms were the pride of many Indians now. Any moment might and often did see a fleet of Indian canoes stealing out from the banks.

In looking back we can see that the key to the second frontier is this Indian warfare; for Tennessee and Kentucky with their abounding game, were the long time and favourite hunting grounds of powerful tribes in the South and in the North. This rich country between was "No Man's Land," and the sons of the forest were

resolved it should remain so. The carrying out of their resolve makes a tragic story of the settlement of Kentucky.

This story in its outline is quickly told; first, the erection of a stockaded fort which in times of danger was a refuge for all the settlers of the community; then the building of log cabins, clearing the land and planting corn. In occasional brief lulls, more planting was done, and horses and cattle flourished undisturbed on the rich range, or natural pasture. The "clearings" became farms and in their houses the mothers drew long breaths of relief.

It was then all the more heartrending and terrible, when in the dead of night or in broad daylight while the men of the settlement were at work in the fields, the Indians made their sudden and ferocious attacks.

The children were killed before the mothers' eyes, while often they themselves were carried away captive, their houses burned, the cattle driven off or killed, the orchards and growing crops destroyed. All this and tortures too horrible to tell or think of, occurred with sickening frequency in the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky.

Think of the magnificent courage and endurance of those who remained in the country facing these dangers and horrors, and of the newcomers who after the Revolution streamed



THE CHURCH IN THE FORT

The oldest place of worship of the Reformed Church in America—in the fort on Manhattan Island, near "Bowling Green," New York City. Its first minister, James Michael-mus, was installed in 1628.

into the country, down the rivers and over the Wilderness Road.

As a nation we owe a great debt to the second frontier in the victory of the backwoodsmen at King's Mountain. (See page 33.)

There was much missionary work on the second frontier—chiefly by means of the saddle bag. We recall the fact that only the northern colonies had colleges for the training of ministers of the gospel, and therefore we may be sure that in the case of these sturdy pioneers of religion and education, long journeys, abounding in perils and hardships, were necessary in order to reach Tennessee or "The Kaintuckee."

Fancy the long tramp—for the missionary usually walked, while his horse carried the burden of books. The starting point was Princeton college perhaps, or Yale, or even Harvard; then through New England, New York and New Jersey; across Maryland, through Virginia, down the Valley of the Shenandoah; southward still, on and on to Fort Chissel, where began the Wilderness Road (then called "Boone's Trace") leading through the Cumberland Gap and the gloomy Cumberland mountains; then westward through the misty gray forest until at last man and horse reached the settlements of Kentucky.

Other missionaries followed blazed trails over the mountains to the Holston Settlements. Such a pioneer was Samuel Doak, a Presbyterian min-

ister, who helped to build "Salem," the first church in Tennessee, in the little town of Jonesboro. Near this church Doak built a log high school, which later became Washington College, the first institution for higher education west of the Alleghanies.

The first ministers to many of these settlements were Presbyterians, and it is safe to say that wherever a church was built, a schoolhouse quickly followed. Baptist missionaries were not far behind the Presbyterians, and after the Revolution many Methodist preachers came to the second frontier.

The minister shared all the hardships of the settlers ; he cleared the forests, hunted elk and buffalo, always carried arms, and at church services, while his congregation leaned their rifles in their pews, his stood in the pulpit within reach of his hand, and often in an Indian attack did valiant work in routing the enemy.

We owe more than can be computed to these strong and steadfast promoters of righteousness and education in the second frontier, which was really the beginning of our America, for the Atlantic frontier had ever looked longingly eastward over the sea ; but the men and women who crossed the mountains, or drifted down-stream to the second frontier, set their faces westward, once for all. For the most of them there was no going back, and henceforth they would look towards the sunset.

Following them, the star of the census map, moves also—westward !

We may see in this first westward movement something of the bearing of the frontier in the development of our country. It is plain that only the strongest and most courageous men and women could hope to survive its hard conditions ; and also that these very conditions increased their strength and fortitude, and brought out and developed other fine qualities. Sudden and terrible emergencies necessitated quick thought and instant action ; and while individuality was strengthened, at the same time qualities of leadership were brought out.

Self-reliance became a distinguishing characteristic of the frontiersman. It could not be otherwise when all props had been left on the eastern side of the mountains, hundreds of miles away ; naturally their resourcefulness increased with the demand upon it. On the second frontier, too, there were a sturdy independence and a neighbourly interdependence.

This was the environment of the children of the frontier. They grew to manhood and to womanhood, sturdy, fearless, reckless of danger, regardless in a measure of human life, vigorous of body, steady of nerve, keen in mind, ambitious to rise, quick to seize opportunity, resolute of purpose, indomitable in will, careless of hardships, and with limitless power of endurance and

pride in achievement. The material was omnipresent, the ideal but vaguely felt. In short in them was born the Spirit of the West, which is our inheritance from the second frontier.

THE DEVELOPMENT

At first, the frontier was the Atlantic coast. It was the frontier of Europe in a very real sense. Moving westward, the frontier became more and more American. As successive terminal moraines result from successive glaciations, so each frontier leaves its traces behind it, and when it becomes a settled area the region still partakes of the frontier characteristics. Thus the advance of the frontier has meant a steady movement away from the influence of Europe, a steady growth of independence on American lines. And to study this advance, the men who grew up under these conditions, and the political, economic, and social results of it, is to study the really American part of our history.—*Turner*.

TURNING WESTWARD

In time this early outbound man learned that there were rivers which ran not to the southeast and into the sea, but outward, across the mountains towards the setting sun. The winding trails of the Alleghanies led one finally to rivers which ran towards Kentucky, Tennessee, even farther out into that unknown, tempting land which still was called the West. Thus it came that the American genius broke entirely away from salt-water traditions, asked no longer "What cheer?" from the ships that came from across the seas, clung no longer to the customs, the costumes, the precedents or standards of the past. There came the day of buckskin and woolsey, of rifle and axe, of men curious for adventures, of homes built of logs and slabs, with puncheons for floors, with little fields about them, and tiny paths that led out into the immeasurable preserves of the primeval forests. A few things held intrinsic value at that time—

powder, lead, salt, maize, cowbells, women who dared. It was a simple but not an ill ancestry, this that turned away from the seacoast forever and began the making of another world. It was the strong-limbed, the bold-hearted who travelled, the weak who stayed at home.—*Hough*.

QUESTIONS

1. Who, exclusive of the Indians, were the "owners" of America in the early days of the first frontier?
2. Upon what did each of these nations base its claims to ownership?
3. What motives brought men to the new world?
4. What is the distinction between Pilgrim and Puritan and what was the object of each in coming to America?
5. What factor besides the spirit of persecution, led the Puritans to withhold religious liberty from those who differed from them in their opinions?
6. What national blessings do we owe to New England? to Virginia? to the Dutch?
7. What sources of wealth were open to New England, the middle and the southern colonies, respectively?
8. What were the principal industries?
9. What educational progress was made in the first frontier?
10. Name some church buildings of the first frontier?

QUESTIONS

1. How do you account for the great change in the attitude of the Indians towards the colonists?
2. What was the "frontier line" at this time?
3. Can you trace a waterway from Pennsylvania to the Yadkin River? From the Atlantic Ocean to the Ohio River?

44 THE CALL OF THE WATERS

4. What methods of travel were at this time possible to the pioneer?
5. Describe the stages of development from "the European" to "the American"?
6. Where was held the first "American" Convention of law-makers?
7. How did this differ from the Virginia representative Convention?
8. What was the environment of children on the second frontier?
9. Name some of these children when they had attained to manhood and womanhood?
10. What advance did education make in the second frontier?

TOPICS FOR RESEARCH WORK

"Spices"; Their Part in the New World Story.

"River Trails and Portages."

"Spanish Discoveries in America."

"French Exploration and Claims."

"The Lost Colony of Roanoke."

FACTS AND DATES

(See Channing: *Short History of the United States*)

Ponce de Leon discovers Florida	1513
Balboa discovers Pacific	1513
The French on the Atlantic Coast	1524
De Soto and Coronada	1539-1542
St. Augustine (First Permanent Settlement)	1565
Drake in the Pacific	1577
Acadia (The French in the North)	1604
Virginia (First Permanent English Colony)	1607
Beginning of Dutch Colonies	1609
The Pilgrims (First Permanent Colony in the North) . . .	1620
Great Emigration of Puritans	1630
Roger Williams (Separation of Church and State) . . .	1636

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL 45

New England Confederation	1643
Toleration Act	1649
Carolina	1663-1665
English Conquest of New Netherland	1664
Georgia	1732
Expulsion of the French	1763
First Continental Congress	1774
Declaration of Independence	1776

POINTERS

(These should be brought out in the missionary meeting by lively description. Lend variety by *telling*; the reading of paragraphs; or sentence by sentence; in each case members should follow one another in quick succession. In the study class the "Pointers" may be used as assignments, or as topics for special research work.)

- The Attractions of the New World.
- Early Attempts at Colonization.
- Historic Ships.
- Our Debt to the Indian.
- Improvement in Conditions.
- Early Churches and the "S. P. G." (Use also extracts in small type.)
- Some Effects of Persecution.
- The Oldest College in America.
- The Dutch Occupation.
- Our Debt to the Southern Frontier. (Include the Battle of King's Mountain.)
- The Atlantic Coast, and the First Move Westward.

POINTERS

- Our Debt to the Trappers and Fur Traders.
- The Long Hunters and Their Tales of Wonder.
- Over the Wilderness Road.
- "Down-Stream."

The Indian as a Foe.

“Saddle-Bags” and the Minister.

The Influence of the Frontier. (Make use of extracts in small type and illustrate by *concrete cases*.)

SOME GREAT MEN OF THE FRONTIER

1. *Explorers*:

Balboa, Coronado, De Soto, Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Boone.

2. *Home-Makers*:

Bradford, Winthrop, Boone, Robertson, Sevier, Clarke.

3. *Ministers*:

Hunt, Roger Williams, Doak, Hooker, Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards.

What significance have the following dates?

1492, 1497, 1585, 1607, 1609, 1620, 1630, 1649, 1776, 1777, 1780, 1783.

FACTS AND DATES

First Continental Congress	1774
Lexington and Concord	1775
Boone and Settlement of Kentucky	1775
Declaration of Independence	1776
King's Mountain	1780
Treaty of Peace	1783

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Prince :—“A Bird's Eye View of America.”

Jenks :—“When America Was New.”

Earle :—“Home Life in Colonial Days.”

Anderson :—“History of the Colonial Church.”

Fiske :—“The Beginnings of New England.”

The Frontier Moving Westward

II

FOLLOWING THE WAR-PATH

THE BIBLE LESSON

INTO THE UNKNOWN

O send out Thy light and Thy truth ; let them lead me.
Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them ; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee ; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee !

Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.

The Lord, your God, went in the way before you to search you out a place to pitch your tents, in fire by night, to show you by what way ye should go, and in a cloud by day. He led them on safely.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with Mine eye.

Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.

Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the age.

II

FOLLOWING THE WAR-PATH

NEVER did the waters call more alluringly, and never so insistently as in our third frontier.

Had we time we should listen and follow, as did De Soto, the Spaniard, and Cartier, La Salle, the beloved Father Marquette, and the brave Joliet. Let us instead take a rapid glance at the map, down the Alleghany River, the Monongahela and the Ohio; along the borders of the Great Lakes, and westward where many streams fall into the Mississippi, making mental note as we pass, of all French names. Down these streams paddled the old *voyageur* and these towns and cities were once the forts and trading posts which gave to us the third frontier, otherwise known as the Old Northwest.

It is necessary just here to call to mind certain happenings—the French and English War; Brad-dock's disastrous defeat, and the proffered and refused advice of a certain young surveyor from Virginia; which counsel, if taken, might have turned that defeat into victory.

We must notice, too, changes in the political ownership of the western country resulting from

the French and Indian War, and from the war of the Revolution; for all these events are as links in a chain which brought under British dominion the Old Northwest.

Let us also return for a moment to the second frontier, which is still suffering untellable tortures from the Indians of the North. To enter into these prevailing conditions, one's imagination needs only an old map of the country reaching from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi River and the Lake of the Woods—a vast expanse of forest and prairie, absolutely unbroken save for the far and lonely forts and trading posts. On the map are the names of powerful Indian tribes and there are trails running down from their homes in the North to the Ohio River and to the one-time hunting grounds south of it.

These trails had at this time become war-paths; and constantly passing over them were bands of Indians, supplied with arms by British officers at Detroit, and urged on by them to fearful ravages upon the settlements south of the Ohio.

The disheartened settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee were beginning to understand the share of the British in the ceaseless coming of those stealthy and murderous bands of savages, over the long forest trails, and across the Ohio River.

There was but one way to put an end to their coming, namely: to capture the northwest country

from the British and to conquer or win over the hostile tribes of Indians.

It was at this time of discouragement and almost of despair that George Rogers Clark, a young frontiersman from Virginia, thought out a plan by which to conquer the country of the northwest. With the sanction of Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, and gathering a small following of frontiersmen of Tennessee and Kentucky, he himself took the war-path.

We may not stop to describe his heroic passage through the flood-covered country of the Illinois and the Wabash, and the surprise and capture of British forts, among them Old Vincennes. For the young frontiersman was successful and the British did finally surrender the country to the young Government at Washington, and "Mad Anthony" eventually brought the Indians to terms. Congress, after various adjustments of conflicting rights and claims, passed the great Ordinance of 1787—"the Magna Charta of the Old Northwest"—and behold! the third frontier; and a half chapter, or for that matter, a whole one—is small space in which to tell of the migration thitherward and what followed; for the "western fever" in aggravated form immediately set in, with wonderful consequences for our country. The reasons for this rush to the West were many.

The frontier has been defined as the "hither edge of free land," and in all save one of the

great westward movements free land was the magnet which irresistibly attracted immigration. This third frontier offered free land—boundless, rich and fertile.

Previous to this time the pioneer to the wild country must, humanly speaking, trust his life and the life of his family to his own rifle and his good right arm, but now and from this time on the Government promised its aid in subduing the Indians.

It will be remembered that the men who won for us our liberty and made us a nation, did not receive great pecuniary reward for doing it. But Congress paid up arrears by the bestowal of tracts of land in the Old Northwest upon soldiers who had fought in the Continental Army, great numbers of whom now took up their claims.

Finally there was the famous "Ordinance of 1787." One of its articles which brought in thousands of settlers of the right sort, is brief and easily remembered.

"Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

A land ordinance providing for the survey and sale of the millions of acres in this new domain directed that in every congressional township of thirty-six sections of land one section should be reserved for the maintenance of common schools,

and from that time until now one thirty-sixth of the public lands has always been set apart for schools; each state has also one entire township for the building and support of a university.

The result of this ordinance has been a fund of nearly twenty million dollars for free education in the Old Northwest.

Do we not now hear the "call of the waters"? Through all its varied music of falling cataract or grandly sweeping river, or of soft and sleepy tinkling of little brooks, still there runs the one theme—Opportunity.

If we could but see and hear the excitement of those days and the eager, earnest talking and planning! Especially in New England, where many a tired farmer, weary of the never-ending struggle of his fields, said to his son, "Go West, young man, where your plowshare may turn up something besides rocks and stones, and where ceaseless mortgages shall not hold you back from an education"; and mothers everywhere gave up all dear and familiar things for the sake of "the children's" brighter chance in life.

In fancy we may see them, these thousands of home-seekers, pouring forth, in Conestoga wagons, and other queerer and more uncomfortable vehicles; on horseback, or even on foot hastening to catch the first note of the silvery "call"; in other words to embark on the nearest westward-flowing river in any kind of a vessel, raft or flat-

boat, square-end scow, or "Noah's Ark," or dug-out—in or on anything which might reasonably be trusted to carry them to the haven where they would be.

New Yorkers—whose own fair, western hills and valleys were yet untilled—felt a greater enchantment in the distant view, and found a way to it by the waters of the Mohawk. Landless thousands in the South saw homes and comfort in the Old Northwest, and thither they journeyed up the Potomac and across to the Ohio; or by way of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Kentucky, the Kanawha and Youghio-gheny—verily our "inland waterways" were the making of the third frontier.

It is almost impossible to comprehend in these times of easy and rapid locomotion, the difficulties and hardships and perils and long drawn out discomforts of travel, as they existed in the days of the third frontier.

Yet, as we have seen, many thousands undertook the long journey. Could we scan the streams of men, women and children pressing on in spite of every obstacle to this new land of glorious opportunity, we should perhaps see among them some who were not going to the new country for that country's good, but rather to the advantage of the land left behind; some Micawbers and a few "rolling stones":—but mostly they were brave and hardy souls, willing to

endure anything for the sake of the good to come ; and also, very many of them, for the sake of the good they might do, for it was in the time of this great rush of people to the West, and because of it, that the churches of the East began to send through the recently organized missionary societies, men and money to build churches and to establish schools and colleges in the "Old" Northwest. We shall see that Christianity and Christian education were grandly placed in the foundations of the third frontier.

The leader of the first colony to what is now the State of Ohio was a minister of the Congregational Church. His destination was the mouth of the Muskingum River. It was first necessary for the party to meet in Connecticut, and the converging thither over the poor roads of New England was in itself no easy task ; but after that they must cross the Hudson River to Kingston ; from Kingston they travelled by the military road, and by the Youghiogheny River to the Monongahela and the Ohio, to the tract of land which had been purchased by the Ohio Company ten days after the passing of the great Ordinance. This tract lay on the north bank of the Ohio, mainly between the Muskingum and the Scioto.

The big clumsy barge in which the pioneers floated down the Ohio was named the *Mayflower* —in memory of a certain old vessel dear to the

heart of the New Englander; at their journey's end they disembarked, cut down trees, built log cabins, and a fort—which they named “Campus Martius”—cleared land and planted corn. This was in April, 1788.

A definition of the frontier is “the line where savagery and civilization meet.” We may then see the third frontier epitomized in the bill of fare enjoyed at the celebration of the Fourth of July in this new little settlement which should later become the city of Marietta. Savagery provided “venison barbecued,” buffalo steaks, bear meat and wild fowl. Civilization was able to furnish “a little” pork (the amount of this commodity has since increased in the State of Ohio).

In the late summer the eastern half of Ohio was organized into a county called Washington County. Judges and other officers were appointed and a county court was opened in one of the blockhouses of the fort.

This day was a great day in the annals of the Old Northwest for it marked the beginning of a new order of things,—the American order.¹

This is the third frontier as it began on its eastern edge—it extended rapidly westward—far beyond the limits of this study, for the third stage of advance developed the five noble states

¹ “The Conquest of the Old Northwest,” p. 191.

of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.¹ Contrast for a moment the wild wilderness—which came to us through the clear brain, the indomitable courage, and almost incredible endurance of George Rogers Clark,—and the magnificent resources and cultivation of our present Old Northwest.

We cannot linger to watch this development, splendid as it is, but we have a tribute to pay to those who planted its germs in the third frontier, and chiefly to those whom we call “home missionaries.” It is simply impossible to estimate the results of the work of these heroic men, and quite out of the question to sum up the labours of their even more heroic wives. Such journeys! Aye! and also *such lonely and courageous stayings at home!* If we are really desirous to pay a tribute, let us pay it to the home missionary wives, past, present and future, only let us hope that the future will see to it that their deprivations and hardships shall soon be no more! It may even be that the future will see self-support in all our churches, in which case the home missionary himself—and herself—having become pastors and pastoresses shall also be no more. May it be so, for then shall there be released for other Christian work great stores

¹ The “Ordinance of 1787” suggested as names for these states: “Sylvania,” “Cheronesus,” “Assenisipia,” “Metropatamia,” “Pelesipia.”

of energy and consecration and money, and noble lives.

But these even now hypothetical conditions certainly did not exist in the third frontier. Christian faith and therefore courage and energy and endurance and fortitude were built into many and many a log church and into many a character in the old frontier days. Where are the log churches now? Transformed into Gothic beauty, or "Institutional" solidity they are in every city of the Old Northwest.

The circuit rider also was ever active and devoted in the third frontier. He is a familiar figure, especially in the "Hoosier" state. Thousands of miles he and his horse travelled as they came and went on their circuits, and many settlements looked out for his coming, and many a lonely family on far-away clearings blessed the day when he appeared.

In nothing was Christian patriotism more nobly shown on the third frontier than in the founding of schools and colleges, funds for which were in many cases sent from the East, through the newly-formed missionary societies. Many agencies shared in laying these foundations—one of them—the Illinois band,—in which were associated twelve young men from Yale College—is noteworthy not only on account of its own fine work but because it was the pioneer of other similar groups which later accomplished great

things in other territories and states. Their names explain themselves, and yet give no hint of the courage and self-sacrifice and the far-seeing statemanship developed in the groups of young college men who devoted all the strength of their lives to the implanting of a Christian education in the third frontier.

These schools and colleges were not pretentious ; the buildings were plain—exceedingly so ; the furnishing was far from luxurious and the equipment was meagre in the extreme. But the spirit in these colleges was earnest and the teaching fine ; and stirring indeed because of their subsequent influence in the nation would now be the roll-call of their students. It would also be an inspiring thing simply to name these institutions and their early faculties ; we should find among the founders and instructors names of high honour in all our churches ; for many denominations contributed to the Christian foundations of the third frontier.

The Spanish explorers of America had a large part in determining the western extension of our country. Yet was the river call still dominant in the fourth frontier for De Soto had heard it—the first of white men—in the grand sweep of the Mississippi. Its music was for him the fatal syren song ; nevertheless the majestic river flowing onward to the sea henceforth “ belonged ” to

Spain by right of his discovery, and long after there ensued a complicated chapter in the history of Spain, France and the United States whose outcome was the purchase in 1803 by our Government of the magnificent trans-Mississippi country known as the Louisiana Territory. A contemporary apprehension of the transaction is interesting:

“ Louisiana must and will be settled if we hold it, and with the very population that would otherwise occupy part of our present territory. Thus our citizens will be removed to the immense distance of two or three thousand miles from the capital of the Union, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the general government; their affections will become alienated; they will gradually begin to view us as strangers; they will form other commercial connections, and our interests will become distinct.

“ These, with other causes that human wisdom may not now foresee, will in time effect a separation, and I fear our bounds will be fixed nearer to our houses than the waters of the Mississippi. We have already territory enough, and when I contemplate the evils that may arise to these states from this intended incorporation of Louisiana into the Union, I would rather see it given to France, to Spain, or to any other nation of the earth, upon the mere condition that no citizen of the United States should ever settle within its limits, than to see the territory sold for a hundred millions of dollars and we retain the sovereignty. And I do say that, under existing circumstances, even supposing that this extent of territory was a valuable acquisition, fifteen million dollars was a most enormous sum to give.”

Who can now compute the millions—billions—of dollars which have reimbursed the nation for that “enormous” expenditure?

The Louisiana purchasers were, however, not so much concerned in the acquisition of territory as in the right of way down the Mississippi river; for down-stream trade had become an absolute necessity if Kentucky and Tennessee were to prosper.

The purchase was indeed largely brought about by the men of the South so that, as in the attainment of the Old Northwest, we owe much to the second frontier for this next stage of advance. And presently—after sawmills had been built on the rivers—there was evolved an up-stream boat,—a queer and clumsy craft known as a keel boat; and the up-stream men were almost a class by themselves in inventiveness, hardihood, endurance and persistence.

Advancement along the Missouri, the Platte, the Arkansas—along all the streams whose sources are in the blue far-off mountains of the West, required the up-stream boat. Up these streams pressed now the pioneers of the Long Trail—the hunter, the trapper and the trader.

And after them, closely following the river courses, plodded the patient, long enduring prairie schooners of the plains.

We have but to shut our eyes and think a moment of the far-stretching monotony of the Great Plains to feel the sympathetic strain of those long, slow-dragging miles—not so bad for the

men perhaps, but wearisome beyond words for the mothers and the children.

And not always monotonous—for many times the level line of gray horizon was broken by long bands of the horse Indians of the plains. The most tiresome monotony had been better far than this. But the long drawn out journey ends at last; and in the frontier for the first time since the *Mayflower* touched on Plymouth Rock, we miss the “anvil chorus” of the ringing axes in the forest—for here there is no forest.

Sod cutting is less inspiring work than tree-felling; but since sods are the only available building material the settlers must needs live in sod houses until more comfortable dwellings shall become a possibility. It is a rich and fertile country, but in winter are blizzards and bitter cold and in summer there are hot blasting winds and thirsty fields and men and beasts, for at this time only the witch-hazel wand could hear the call of the life-giving underground waters.

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks, there were, before many years had passed, flourishing farms in the country lying west of the Mississippi, and thousands of immigrants,—heeding pleasant reports and ignoring rumours that were unpleasant,—crossed over the river to the promised land. The census map for 1820 gives us the frontier line of this stage of our study. It is quite regular and clearly defined except for certain



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Founded by Roger Williams, A. D. 1638. This house dedicated May, 1775. The third house occupied by the church.

odd little westward reaching tongues and splashes of colour. Were we looking at the real country the buff and brown tongues of the census map would be painted in living green, for the ever attracting rivers had drawn the settlers farther and farther on into the unknown country. These little buff spots are now populous centres possessing large and influential churches, and our present interest in them lies in the fact that their foundations were laid by devoted home missionaries in the old days when they were the vanguard of the fourth frontier.

Many men celebrated now as statesmen or writers or judges perhaps, grew up on the frontier. It is often said of them that their only means of education were a spelling-book and a Bible.

Considering all things, is it not a matter for wonderment that the log cabin or the sod house should contain a copy of the Bible? For all books were expensive and not over plentiful and for several reasons the Bible was especially costly and rare.

Let us try to answer the question we have raised, and first of all by calling up to our minds a picture of a sunny hayfield near Williams college in Massachusetts; in the afternoon the warm summer day becomes sultry, and suddenly black clouds fill the blue sky, lightning flashes and thunder crashes and torrents of rain pour

down. To escape the violence of the storm a group of young college students seek the shelter of a haystack.

All the world is better now for that thunder-storm and the haystack prayer-meeting which resulted from it; but not many persons perhaps associate with it the supplying of Bibles to the frontier—and that not only in a general way, but through the labours of Samuel J. Mills, one of the "Haystack Men."

GIVING THE BIBLE TO THE FRONTIER

In January, 1813, Gen. Andrew Jackson sailed from Nashville, Tenn., with 1,500 volunteers for Natchez, Miss., in order to prepare the defense of the lower Mississippi Valley against possible attack from the British. Before leaving he had met Mr. Samuel J. Mills, a theological student, who had been organizing a Bible society for the state of Tennessee. Finding that Mr. Mills, with his companion, Mr. Schemmerhorn, was going to New Orleans for similar work there, General Jackson invited him to travel with him on his steamer. So it came to pass that Mr. Mills, the Home Missionary, made the journey to Natchez as the guest of the bluff and restless general.

When he returned to the North Mr. Mills published an account of his observations. His report was designed to arouse Christians to action, and it did.

The spirit of missions was abroad in those days, and all men knew that Bible distribution was essential in missionary enterprises. Discussion as to what ought to be done to save the settlers in the new states and territories at length took form in the organization of the American Bible Society in New York, May 8, 1816. It was a momentous event in the history of the United States. None of the great home missionary societies

had as yet been effectively organized. The delegates of the local Bible societies, representing different denominations acting together, sent the new society forth as in itself an expression of the highest principles of Christianity; for it was a missionary society in the most literal sense.

In 1829 the Washington County Bible Society (New York) formally proposed united effort to supply every destitute family in the United States with the Bible. The thought was a noble one, and it was promptly taken up by the National Society and urged upon all the auxiliaries. In the three years, 1828-29 to 1830-31 the issues of the American Bible Society were 680,000 copies of the Scriptures, of which at least 500,000 copies were distributed in the United States; very largely through the gratuitous services of the devoted Christians who canvassed the counties and supplied all destitute families who could read. A similar general supply was undertaken in 1856, when more than a million copies were distributed. A third general supply took place in 1866 and the following years when 1,200,000 families were visited and 101,000 families, together with about 60,000 individuals who had no Bible, were supplied. In this distribution 954 societies auxiliary to or coöperating with the American Bible Society took part. A fourth general supply was undertaken in 1882.

“THE WAR-PATH”

The frontier army post, serving to protect the settlers from the Indians, has also acted as a wedge to open the Indian country, and has been a nucleus for settlement. In this connection mention should also be made of the Government military and exploring expeditions in determining the lines of settlement. But all the more important expeditions were greatly indebted to the earliest pathmakers, the Indian guides, the traders and trappers, and the French *voyageurs*, who were inevitable parts of governmental expeditions from the days of Lewis and Clark. Each expedition was an epitome of the previous factors in western advance.—*Turner*.

“THE WEST” IN 1835

“It is plain that the religious and political destiny of our nation is to be decided in the West. Its population is assembled from all the states of the Union and from all the nations of Europe, and is rushing in like the waters of the flood, demanding for its moral preservation the immediate and universal action of those institutions which discipline the mind and arm the conscience and the heart. And so various are the opinions and habits, and so recent and imperfect is the acquaintance, and so sparse are the settlements of the West, that no homogeneous public sentiment can be formed to legislate immediately into being the requisite institutions. And yet they are all needed immediately in their utmost perfection and power. A nation is being ‘born in a day.’ But what will become of the West if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind and the conscience and the heart of that vast world. It must not be permitted. Let no man at the East quiet himself and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Her destiny in our Destiny.”—*Lyman Beecher.*

QUESTIONS

1. What great waterways did the pioneers use in their advancement westward?
2. How was the old Northwest conquered?
3. What was the “Ordinance of 1787”? What were its principal features?
4. What were some of the reasons for the great and rapid advance of the old Northwest?
5. To what do these states owe their great educational facilities?
6. Mention ten great institutions of learning in these states?
7. What led to the advancement of the frontier to the west side of the Mississippi?
8. Why was there urgent need for a market “down-stream”?

9. What was its effect on the nation?
10. What rivers have had the largest share in the development of America?

POINTERS

A Map Talk.

War-Paths. (Use fine type also.)

1. Indian Ravages.
2. Carrying the War into the Northwest.

Old Vincennes and the Illinois.

The "Magna Charta" of the Old Northwest.

The New Call of the Waters.

The Ohio as a Course of Empire.

The Great Migration.

The Missionary Societies.

The First Colony to Ohio.

Christian Education in the Third Frontier.

The Circuit Rider.

The "Market" at New Orleans—some of its Effects.

The "Up-Stream Men."

The Long Trail.

The Bible in the Frontier. (Use fine type also.)

MEN OF THE FRONTIER

Lewis and Clark, Whitney, "Mad" Anthony Wayne, Fulton, Howe, De Witt Clinton, Cartwright, Whitman.

SIGNIFICANT DATES

1789, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1825, 1827.

FACTS AND DATES

The Constitution and the Northwest Ordinance	1787
Invention of Cotton Gin	1794
Louisiana Purchase	1803
War With England	1812-1815

68 THE CALL OF THE WATERS

Missouri Compromise	1820
The Monroe Doctrine	1823
The Erie Canal	1825
The Locomotive	1830

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Baldwin :—“The Conquest of the Old Northwest.”
Clark :—“The Leavening of the Nation.”
Turner :—“The Rise of the Northwest.”
Hulbert :—“The Ohio River; a Course of Empire.”
Prince :—“A Bird’s Eye View.”

TOPICS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

- Old Vincennes.
- The Illinois Band.
- The Circuit Rider.
- The “Up-Stream” Men.
- The Long Trail.

The Frontier Moving Westward

III

THE LAST STAND OF THE FRONTIER

THE BIBLE LESSON

FOR THE INCREASE OF KNOWLEDGE

And I will make all My mountains a way, and My high-ways shall be exalted.

Cast up, cast up the highway ; gather out the stones.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low. And the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places a plain.

And a highway shall be there and a way and it shall be called the way of holiness.

And many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased.

III

THE LAST STAND OF THE FRONTIER

AS a graphic exponent of the frontier, nothing exceeds the census map.¹ Especially is there a fascinating richness and variety in the fine colour scheme in the map of 1880, which shows us the last stand of the frontier. No longer—so the map maker tells us—can there be a “frontier line,” for the reason that there are so many isolated spots and out-reaching tongues of settlement.

It is our study, in this chapter, to discover the reasons for these departures from the regular line of advancement.

Queer stories used sometimes to travel eastward from the far regions of the sunset—that mysterious, ever-receding, ever-alluring “West”—such stories for instance, as that of the great salt mountain, a hundred miles long, from whose base issued ever-flowing streams of salt water.

There were many equally remarkable tales, and where all listeners were ignorant who should decide on their truth?

In this state of things the Government at Wash-

¹ See “Statistical Atlas of the United States, 1900.” To be found in most public libraries.

ington had the happy thought of sending explorers through these lands of mystery to find out what part of the stories might be true, and great discoveries were thereby made; among them the fact that in many instances the actual truth far exceeded the most fabulous stories. So came about far in the utmost West, slight shadings of buff on the white ground of the census map. These shadings signify that every square mile covered by them rejoices in a population of from one to six white men, traders or settlers, lured on by the calling waters of that "rolling Oregon," which heretofore had heard no sound save his own dashings! But now there happened once more the panorama of the frontier: first the trampling of thousands of hoofs heralding a great procession of thirsty animals who sniff from afar life-giving waters, and make all speed towards them; next passes the Indian along this "game trail"; following him are explorer and hunter, the trapper and trader; the missionary; and finally the settler. The salt mountain tale did not, however, attract many settlers; rather did it, with other causes, tend to discourage agricultural advance.

We may briefly state the mental altitude of the time, by a quotation from a Government publication.

"Major Long's expedition up the Platte brought back the 'important fact' that the 'whole division of North America

drained by the Missouri and the Platte and their tributaries, between the Meridian of the mouth of the Platte and the Rockies is almost entirely unfit for cultivation, and therefore uninhabitable for an agricultural people.' ”

(This whole division, etc., now contains Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado !)

It would seem then that the Indian and the buffalo might long remain monarchs of the plains, but agriculture is not the only magnet for attracting population, and, as we shall see, the Indian and the buffalo soon lost their supremacy on the Long Trails.

On the census map of 1880 and of previous decades as well, there is in the country of which the Great Salt Lake is the centre, a long splash of buff with interior markings of brown. This splash denotes the final resting-place in what was then Mexican territory of the long-migratory Latter Day Saints.

Other splashes in the southwest would carry us back to the fascinating days of Coronado and his seven cities of gold. This being outside our limits, we may follow only an inglorious fur trapper who, making his stealthy way through the forests in pursuit of the ever more wary animals, happens one day upon a rich old Spanish city, whose name shorn of its Spanish magniloquence we know as Santa Fé. Trade with this city is the origin of that wonderful traffic by pack-train

and ox team over the old Santa Fé trail, which ultimately produced much of the colouring on the map of 1880.

The deep colouring spreading over California came about through the trifling incident that on a certain morning a man going out to his work—*a white man in California?* Aye, truly! but how he came there would take long to tell. Suffice it to say that on that fateful morning this man found among grains of sand particles of yellow gold.

Immediately, one scarcely can tell how, tidings of this finding flew out and spread like wild-fire—through this land and to other lands; and as it always does, the gold dust brought on a fever of excitement, and more quickly than one would believe possible, there was a wild and furious scramble of eager gold seekers to the New Eldorado. They came by every possible and impossible way—across the plains, over the Isthmus of Panama, around Cape Horn—no difficulties were too great; no reports of hardships to be borne, of hunger or thirst or heat or cold deterred them. Even the dread of Indian atrocities could not hold them back. Gold, gold—the fever for it fed by larger and yet larger stories of findings in the mountains ran like wild-fire in their veins.

Thousands and thousands of men poured into the mountains; scarcely was there a nook or cranny without its anxious prospector, and many

a surprised fur trapper shared his loneliness and his venison with an unexpected and quite probably half-starved visitor.

This fact—that many of the miners were in danger of starvation—is the clue to the next happenings on the westward trails; for gold with all its magical power cannot buy bread where there is none to be had, and the miners were not able to supply themselves with game as did the trappers of the mountains.

But they were willing to pay fabulous sums to those who could supply their need. Hence the growth of the great pack-trains of the western trails; of the “pony express” and the “Overland” stage route.

The pack-train consisting of perhaps a hundred mules or burros—the experienced leader picking the way for those in the rear—was an interesting sight, and its arrival in the mining camps produced intense excitement.

The perils of the way for pack and wagon trains were so great that the successful completion of the journey has been described as simply an escape from death.

It is interesting to turn back the leaves of time to the year 1827 and open the book at a page where sit in conclave in the city of Baltimore twenty-five of its leading citizens. They are listening to an impassioned speaker—by name Philip Evans Thomas, whom we know as the

father of American railroads—who, as his hearers said, seemed touched with the spirit of prophecy as he spoke of an enterprise which was to cast aside mountains, to unite streams and to discover what there might be in that always mysterious land “the West”—in his mind the country lying near the Mississippi River—any progress beyond that point being at that time almost unthinkable. It is permissible here for us to speak of that great achievement—the first railroad of our country, a line from Baltimore to Washington, built almost immediately after Mr. Thomas’ speech, which was the beginning of that great highway, which should ultimately join the far Pacific with the Atlantic.

Never was frontier so much in need as in the days of the gold fever and of the “Prairie schooner,” which about this time began its slow-creeping progress over the plains; for increasing knowledge of the country had shown it to be not “uninhabitable” for farming communities, and many families were now on their way to the free lands of the far, far West.

These families did indeed miss the Christian surroundings of their old homes, but their need was as nothing compared with the extremities of destitution of all moral restraint in the mining camps.

This was especially the case in California, so much so that even the miners themselves sent to

the East an urgent request that ministers of the gospel might be sent to them, to act as chaplains.

These men looked towards the East, never dreaming that from far away over the glittering water of the Pacific should come their helper. But so it was; and here indeed is opportunity to call up facts of history.

The temptation is great, but Hawaii is not and never was our frontier, so we merely say that in the time of dire need California received the gospel by way of the Sandwich Islands, and it was an Hawaiian missionary who welcomed to California the first ministers from the East. Before the end of 1849 five churches had been organized in San Francisco. These were Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist.

Such were the first efforts of Christian patriotism at the end of the trail. But who shall tell the story of Christian foundations laid in the great expanse of country containing and lying west of the last "frontier line"?

It is a story of heroism beyond compare; but of a quiet sort, wherein the actors never dream of what heroic stuff they are made.

But the churches tell the story; could walls speak every one would utter thrilling tales of devotion and self-sacrifice.

Schools and colleges are eloquent of missionary

effort; and some of the first hospitals of the West owe their existence and their usefulness to missionary societies of the East.

Transformed Indian tribes are also tributes to missionary devotion, and thousands of dark eyed little Mexicans have grown up to be good citizens of the United States because of the instruction of mission teachers.

Years ago little mission schools nestled among the mountains or stood in the scorching heat of the plains; to-day these having attained the stature of a man are in some instances colleges; in others, churches in the midst of Christian communities, made up of the one-time children of the schools.

All these foundations were laid when the missionary must travel on foot, or on horseback, or must drive many miles over an almost roadless country; he must ford or swim rivers, and never heed cold of blizzard, or heat of desert.

Travel is easier now, and the beginning of the change we may trace to a spring day of the year 1869, when more than the dream of the "father of railroads" was realized in the driving home of that golden nail which showed the joining of the Atlantic to the Pacific by the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad.

As we watch the driving of this nail our old frontier fades away like a dissolving view; but behind it, blurring the picture a little, are the

first faint outlines of that coming time which we shall know as our Twentieth Century "Frontier."

EVOLUTION

The buffalo trail became the Indian trail, and this became the trader's "trace"; the trails widened into roads, and the roads into turnpikes, and these in turn were transformed into railroads. The same origin can be shown for the railroads of the South, the far West, and the Dominion of Canada. The trading posts reached by these trails were on the sites of Indian villages which had been placed in positions suggested by nature; and these trading posts, situated so as to command the water systems of the country, have grown into such cities as Albany, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Council Bluffs, and Kansas City. Thus civilization in America has followed the arteries made by geology, pouring an ever richer tide through them, until at last the slender paths of aboriginal intercourse have been broadened and interwoven into the complex mazes of modern commercial lines; the wilderness has been interpenetrated by lines of civilization growing ever more numerous. It is like the steady growth of a complex nervous system for the originally simple, inert continent. If one would understand why we are to-day one nation, rather than a collection of isolated states, he must study this economic and social consolidation of the country. In this progress from savage conditions lie topics for the evolutionist.—*Turner.*

DRIVING THE GOLDEN NAIL

The time came when some minds and brains of the go-ahead kind thought out a plan to "cast aside mountains and to unite streams" from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific.

The railroad builder has a task before him. He must climb mountains for seven thousand feet or more; he must cross a great expanse thirteen hundred miles wide, which until a very few years ago was marked on the map "unexplored desert." It was not very well known even at this time, and in one long,

long stretch of nearly seven hundred miles, there was only one white man to be found.

But—of course—all along the route from Omaha westward there were the fiercest Indians. They saw a curious thing one day; motionless on their horses they watched—to see what the strange objects might be.

Flags they know and chains they know—but what *are* those queer three-legged creatures which some fearless young men are placing here and there over the prairie?

They do not know either that following behind these young engineers are an army of workers who will lay a path for the iron feet of a “horse” swifter than the mustang, stronger than the buffalo!

* * * * *

As the Union Pacific men pressed westward, the Central Pacific men pushed eastward. They crossed the Sierras and laid the rails in the Utah desert. The subsidies promised by Congress were far larger for mountainous than for level country, and as the two armies of workmen drew near together each tried hard to gain the prize—the Central men on their slope, and the Union men on the western side of the Rockies.

“Where metals meet metals”—Congress had said should be the joining point, and in April, 1869, they met, at Promontory Point, near Ogden, Utah. A few days afterwards, on the 10th of May, the rival armies of workers were drawn up on either side of the tracks. There was also a group of officers and invited guests who had come over the road to be present at its joining. The spike of gold to show the completion of transportation between East and West was driven home by a minister of the gospel, who then offered prayer. A moment later the news was flashed by the telegraph east and west, and in Chicago, Buffalo and New York public thanksgivings were proclaimed.—*Condensed from “Pioneers.”*

(The best aid in the study of Chapter III is found in the Government Census Maps. If these are not attainable, the small reproductions as given in McMaster’s “Primary History

of the United States" (American Book Company), will be helpful.)

POINTERS

(Suggested Program Divisions, or study Class Assignments.)

1. Western Myths and Heroes.
2. "First Across the Continent."
3. The Mormon Migration.
4. The "Discovery" of Santa Fé.
5. Gold Finding and Its Consequences.
6. Pack Trains, the "Pony Express," and the "Overland Stage."
7. Christianity Eastward Bound.
8. Home Missions *Beyond* the Frontier Line.
9. The Opening of the New Northwest.
10. Railroad Building on Plain, Desert and Mountain.
11. Conquering the Indian.
12. Christianizing the Indian.

QUESTIONS

1. How did "Oregon" come into the possession of the United States?
2. What historical happenings brought the Mormons within the domains of the United States?
3. What were the three principal "Long Trails"? Describe features of transportation methods peculiar to each.
4. Is the development of the railroads a fulfilment of prophecy?
5. Name and locate ten famous forts of the West.
6. Name and locate ten Indian battles whose results we feel to-day.
7. State briefly links in the chain which brought Christianity over the Pacific to California. Should this chain be named "foreign" or "home" missions?

9. Name institutions of higher education whose origin was the mission school?
10. What inventions of this period greatly hastened the development of the West?

GREAT NAMES OF THE FRONTIER

Carson, Crockett, Morse, Henry, McCormick, Field, Baldwin, Whipple, Kemper, Sheldon Jackson.

SIGNIFICANT DATES

1846, 1848, 1862, 1865, 1867, 1869, 877.

BOOKS OF REFERENCES

(See also "*Leader's Supplement*")

Inman:—"The Old Santa Fé Trail."
 Brooks:—"First Across the Continent."
 Casson:—"The Romance of the Reaper."
 Casson:—"The Romance of Steel and Iron in America."
 Semple:—"Geographical History of the United States."
 Mowry:—"Marcus Whitman."
 Stewart:—"Sheldon Jackson, Pathfinder and Prospector."

FACTS AND DATES

The Electric Telegraph	1844
The Horse Reaper	1845
Annexation of Texas	1845
The Oregon Treaty	1846
The Mexican War	1846-1848
Discovery of Gold	1849
The War for the Union	1861-1865
Purchase of Alaska	1867

The Twentieth Century "Frontier"

IV

THE NEW MIGRATION

“THE WHOLE FAMILY”
(*Eph. 3: 15*)

And He made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.

One God and Father of all who is above all and through all, and in you all.

Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

He is not ashamed to call them brethren. Behold, My mother and My brethren. Whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in heaven, the same is My brother and sister and mother.

IV

THE NEW MIGRATION

THUS the wild land was tamed and possessed, and now the old frontier is gone!

Can there be a twentieth century "frontier"?

Let us gather up some results of our study of the old frontier. We have found it to be the "hither edge of free land" attracting eager home seekers and making for health and happiness; the border-land between savagery and civilization; a stage of advance; the vanguard of progress. A place of uncertainty, whence many trails led out—whither? A place, therefore, of resolution and decision; where only the strong and courageous pressed over the chosen trail into the unknown country. The frontier was a place of vision whence seers looked off—afar. It was a crisis—for good or for evil. It was a breaking with old ties; back of the pioneer was dependence, before him self-reliance; behind, habit; before, absence of restraint; and always was it the place of new conditions and of new ways of meeting them; above all, the frontier was Opportunity. It made for character and developed the spirit of America.

Just so is there a twentieth century "frontier"; whence many alluring and unknown trails lead out; a place of new and hard conditions and of glorious opportunity; where, as in the days of the old frontier, there will be call for pioneers, willing to break with old ties, courageous to meet the new conditions and to seize the opportunity.

Our further study concerns these new borders of enterprise.

For the sake of contrast, we turn back for a moment to the old conditions. We see that then the home was the centre of activity. It was, of course, "in the country," and stood alone, or was grouped with others in village or town. Each family supplied its own needs and, so far as possible, its wants, and every member in helping towards this end became a skillful worker along many lines of household industry and outdoor activity.

Our thoughts being chiefly concerned with women's occupations, this extract from a diary of colonial days as given by Mrs. Earle is interesting. Notice the variety and wide range in a day's work:

"There is, in the library of the Connecticut Historical Society, a diary written by a young girl of Colchester, Connecticut, in the year 1775. Her name was Abigail Foote. She set down her daily work, and the entries run like this:—

"Fix'd gown for Prude,—Mend Mother's Riding-hood,—

Spun short thread,—Fix'd two gowns for Welsh's girls,—Carded tow,—Spun linen,—Worked on Cheese-basket,—Hatchel'd flax with Hannah, we did 51 lbs. apiece,—Pleated and ironed,—Read a Sermon of Dodridge's,—Spooled a piece,—Milked the cows,—Spun linen, did 50 knots,—Made a broom of Guinea wheat (maize) straw,—Spun thread to whiten,—Set a Red dye,—Had two Scholars from Mrs. Taylor's,—I carded two pounds of whole wool and felt Nationly,—Spun harness twine,—Scoured the pewter.'

"She tells also of washing, cooking, knitting, weeding the garden, picking geese, etc., and of many visits to her friends. She dipped candles in the spring, and made soap in the autumn. This latter was a trying and burdensome domestic duty, but the soft soap was important for home use."

It then was a girl's pride and ambition to become the best housekeeper of the neighbourhood, the most rapid spinner, or most skillful weaver, to have the whitest linen, to turn out the largest number of the most shapely candles, to make the finest soap—in short, to excel in every branch of domestic work; and the amount accomplished in a day by the women of the old time might seem incredible did we not remember that the work was healthful and varied and the workers absorbingly interested in bringing their labours to a triumphant conclusion:

The home was also the social centre. The days, so full of occupation, yet abounded in hospitality. Companionship in work led to close friendships, and days of special pressure, when all the neighbourhood coöperated in a "barn-raising," or "quilting," or "apple bee," were fol-

lowed by evenings of fun and jollity. The church and the "town meeting" added other interests, and in connection with the latter was the ordering of educational matters.

The school curriculum was limited, but suited to practical needs. Supplemented by the liberal "manual training" of the home, it furnished a good life-equipment.

Such, in brief, were the conditions of the early days. The evolution of machinery had much to do in changing them, taking interest out of country life and attracting a new migration—away from the hard-won country homes to the fast-growing manufacturing towns.

This backward flow has continued until towns and cities have become overcrowded, while in many localities farms are almost or quite deserted, villages are lifeless and churches empty.

Contrast Abigail's diary with a day's work in mill or factory. Throughout the monotonous hours of the long day just one little part of some article is made, time after time, time after time, in dulling, paralyzing repetition. Nothing is begun, nothing completed, nothing accomplished, nothing learned; there is no possible interest in the work, unless it be in gaining "speed," which may lead to increase of pay or greater certainty of employment, and surely means the wearing out of nerves. The day ends, the whistle blows, and work stops. The next morning whistles



WESLEY CHAPEL, THE PREDECESSOR OF "OLD JOHN
CHURCH," NEW YORK CITY

Built in 1768. (Methodist Episcopal)

will blow and work—the same work—will begin, and so on, endlessly.

In the hours between, the worker, according to her temperament, resorts to some strong excitement to overcome the apathy of her mind, or relapses into a state of semi-stupefaction. Rarely is there social or church interest within her reach or, perhaps, desire.

Is there not here a challenge to infuse interest and life and spirit into this dull and hopeless existence ; to provide in the city a substitute for home interests ; and to instill into country life the stimulating interest it once had ?

Once again we contrast the early days with ours—this time by a glance oceanwards. *Then* the Atlantic was a lonely waste of waters, with here and there a tiny “ship” carrying little groups of brave-hearted immigrants, who “having all the world before them where to choose,” yet “chose” to follow where the waters called. *Now* the harbour is crowded with shipping, and great “liners” continually pour into the land thousands of immigrants. Many of these newcomers will go westward, travelling over the same trails as did the earlier arrivals,—not to an Indian village or trading post, but to the great city which has sprung up in its place.

Many thousands also find their way to coal mines or to copper mines ; to lumber camps ; or they press on to win a home from the wilderness

in that restricted region which is still the "hither edge of free land."

The copper mines of the Lake Superior region present a fine illustration of the varied character of this new migration, for here are thirty nations at work.

There are miners from Cornwall, and Finland and Lapland; there are Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Germans, Poles, Frenchmen, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, Hollanders, Greeks, Swiss, Austrians, Belgians, negroes, Slavs, Bohemians —there are even a few Chinese, Arabians and Persians.

The owners of these mines have worked out a solution of the immigrant problem, chiefly by treating the miners and their families as human beings.

There are perhaps twelve hundred dwelling-houses belonging to the company; comfortable homes with kitchen gardens attached; there are eight schoolhouses, in which the polyglot children are learning to become good Americans, speaking English as their common tongue, and saluting the Stars and Stripes. There is a free library containing thousands of volumes in many languages, used and enjoyed by the men and women of all the races living in this region. There are a club-house; a finely equipped hospital; and thirty churches, occupied by thirteen different denominations.

Here is a cheering example of what may be done with the problem of immigration, "by sticking to the old-fashioned doctrines of fair play."¹

Mines and lumber camps in the East as well as the West, and new settlements in regions recently opened to home-seekers, call for urgent Christian effort, for in all these is the frontier a crisis, whose outcome will be for good or for evil—as may now be determined.

THE PRESSING DEMAND

A Church big enough to overspread a big land; broad enough in its sympathies to appeal to and be appealed to by all the classes of our society; eager enough to carry the message of a saving gospel that all our polyglot people shall hear and understand; homely enough to make itself at home among the lowliest; confident enough of the dignity of its mission to press its claims upon the loftiest; sure enough of its truth to commend the wisdom of God's salvation to the wise; simple enough in its interpretation of the truth that the simplest-minded may not fail of comprehending; hopeful enough of its triumph to be the worthy minister of a God who would have all men saved; sagacious enough to adjust itself to its delicate task; human enough to be all things to all men and touch the common human chord; divine enough to hallow human life at every turn of its ministry.

One of these days a simple-minded prophet will arise and calmly inform the American people that their problem of assimilating the alien is a matter of telling the alien "How d'y'e" when he is encountered on the street; of replying sympathet-

¹ For full account of these mines read in "Greater America," "The Story of a Copper Mine."

ically to his questions and encouraging him to ask more; of practicing a kindly American humanity; of allowing a practical, courteous Americanism to glint in the eye, to drop from the finger-tip and from the tongue-tip, to smile out its welcome and never to scowl out its annoyance and certainly not its disdain.

The business may prove a matter not so much of charity funds as of common fairness, not so much patronizing philanthropy as plain friendliness, less assimilating institutions and more intimate associations.

When the foreigner meets Christ on the street and hears from Him His kindly message and gains the benison of His loving ministry, he will not fail to recognize His Christliness. The alien will join the Kingdom of God wherever he finds one fit to join. He is looking for Christliness; that is what he came over to find. He may not have put it just so when he recited his intentions, but that is what he blindly means, and a little experience of Christian humanity will enable him to comprehend his own intentions fully. He is alert to learn. Only show him Christ and he will be drawn to the Kingdom as the metal seeks the magnet.—*J. E. McAfee.*

A CHURCH ON WHEELS

In 1891 the chapel car idea was evolved and the first one put into our hands to go forth aided by steam to carry the gospel into the great West. The first was an experiment; but it soon grew into a rich experience. The railroads welcomed it and gave it free transportation; one car followed another, and now there are six, with men and women on them as missionaries operating in California, Iowa, Michigan, Missouri, Indian Territory, and Texas. More than ten thousand people have been converted on these cars; two hundred Sunday-schools have been established; a large number of meeting-houses have been built and paid for.

We soon came to "Glad Tidings" and the friend could not refrain from exclaiming: "Isn't it a beauty!" And such a

name—who could ever feel sad with such a message to carry into the homes and hearts of the people in the great West. My friend expressed delight more than once during the morning as he examined very carefully the entire equipment of the car. Everything was substantial and nicely made, and yet there was no foolish extravagance. As a prominent general manager said : "Just right for its purpose." On the outside he found boxes to hold three thousand five hundred pounds of hard coal, forty storm windows, four screen doors, and one storm door, an oil stove and oven, also a ladder. Looking to the top of the roof he saw an eaves trough with hose connection, so that the tanks could be filled with rain-water. And when he passed inside he stood amazed. Experience of many years had brought into use needed appliances for work and comfort, and he found himself in a meeting-house and parsonage perfectly equipped for aggressive Christian service.

PLANTING SEEDS

In the early days of the frontier, there was a singular character known as "Johnny Appleseed." Every year he would gather all the apple seeds he could get, and go far into the wilderness, and plant his seeds at each "likely" spot; and when, many years after, settlers penetrated these unsettled places, to build their homes, they found all over the West apple trees and even orchards, bearing in abundance the rosy-cheeked fruit. So there is many a church flourishing in some Western city, because the colporteur has been there long before, and left his literature to speak after his living voice has gone.

FROM "TO-DAY'S PHASES OF HOME MISSION CONCERN"

The American church has an Americanizing function. Effective spiritual ministry is impossible among unassimilated ingredients of citizenship. Anarchism is a crime against the Kingdom of God. Evangelization involves the cultivation of loyalty to the institutions of society. Conscientious citizenship

is a first-fruit of a Christly redemption. To be an American, rightly conceiving the office, is to love God and serve one's neighbour. Alien elements in our American life are, therefore, the importunate concern of the Church of Christ. By the charter of its existence, the Church is committed to the sympathetic and Christly assimilation of aliens.

Individual churches in our largest cities are forging ahead and gaining in efficiency. It is the common assertion of the statisticians that the city church as a whole is falling behind, far behind. From some cities there are reports of fewer Protestant church-members than ten and twenty years ago, though the population has increased by enormous proportions. The up-town movement of churches is universal. It cannot be checked by declamation, of course; and most thoughtful students understand how normal it is. But none can overlook the fact that increasing proportions of the populations of our greater cities are out of reach of the Church.

Reasons for the decline of the country and village church are plain enough to the observing. The rural population is changing, is vitally changed both in numbers and in character in many sections. But the discovery of these patent causes does not solve the problem of rural churchlessness. In certain older sections of the country this condition presents a more distressing need than does the unchurched city population. The old country church is bound to go with the people who made it and maintained it. But in the meantime vast numbers of people are unreached by the spiritual forces which the Church exists to wield.

The Church is more nearly one in spirit than ever. Even Protestants and Romanists, members of the church and adherents of the synagogue, are seeing eye to eye in some interests, are lifting up a common voice on some vital questions. But denominational administration has too little discovered the growing sentiment of unity. We go on duplicating plants and

agencies for doing a common work. On one city four-corners there are four rival religious institutions erected at rivalling expenditures of money. From one town of three hundred in an eastern state a discouraged minister writes of four Protestant churches struggling to exist, and crippling each other in the struggle.

POINTERS

1. The Old Frontier.
2. The Twentieth Century "Frontier."
3. One Phase of the New Migration.
4. A Day under the Old Conditions.
5. A Day under Factory Conditions.
6. Immigration from over Sea.
7. An Instance.
8. The Opportunity in Mine and Camp.
9. The City Church.
10. The Country Church.
11. A "Church on Wheels."
12. Rivalry in Religious Work.

QUESTIONS

1. What are likenesses and differences between the old and the new "frontiers"?
2. In what ways has machinery made life easier in industrial conditions?
3. Are present day conditions more or less healthy than those of the early days?
4. The South is coming to a great industrial power. Will it thus gain or lose "efficiency and happiness"?
5. Contrast New England in 1800, and 1900.
6. The "Migration from over Sea" remains largely in eastern cities; what agencies are aiding its distribution over the country?

7. Name specific ways in which industrial problems are complicated by the new migration?
8. What factors does it add to the problem?
9. What additional spur does it apply to Christian effort?
10. Will the "spirit of America" be helped or hindered in development by this new infusion?

The first frontier had these blessings:

A Home where righteousness was taught; and where there was variety of active work, and room to perform it. There was hospitality with room to receive and enjoy neighbourly visits.

A School—which needed only to teach from books, because all manual arts were learned at home.

All outdoors—in which was abundance of active, interesting exercise of muscle and of mind.

A Church—which suited the temper of the times.

Does the twentieth century "frontier" show loss or gain in these respects?

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Strong :—"The Challenge of the City."

Steiner :—"The Trail of the Immigrant."

Patten :—"The New Basis of Civilization."

Rauschenbusch :—"Christianity and the Social Crisis."

Anderson :—"The Country Town."

TOPICS FOR RESEARCH WORK

Immigration:

- (a) The Country's Gain. The Country's Loss.
- (b) The Immigrant's Gain. The Immigrant's Loss.

Monuments : and What they Signify.

THE LOCAL FRONTIER CLASS

Consult: Town Records, Files of Newspapers, Libraries,
"The Oldest Inhabitant."

- (a) First Churches.
- (b) First Schools.
- (c) First Industries.
- (d) First Roads.

The Twentieth Century "Frontier"

V

THE NEW DOMAIN

THE SCENT OF THE WATERS

(*Job 14:9*)

Behold I will do a new thing. I will even make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert.

In the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In the habitations of dragons shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs, and there He maketh the hungry to dwell that they may prepare a city for habitation, and sow the fields and plant vineyards which may yield the fruits of increase.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.

They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them; for He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by streams of water shall He guide them.

The Lord shall guide thee continually; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.

V

THE NEW DOMAIN

HERE follows an "American Fable":¹

"Once upon a time there was a young nation which left its home and moved to a new continent. As soon as the people who formed the first settlements began to examine the value and conditions of this new continent, they found it marvellously rich in every possible resource. The forests were so vast that they were not a blessing in the early days, but a hindrance. The soil was so rich and there was so much of it, that they were able at first only to scratch the edge of their great property. It was quite plain to these people in the early times that however much they might waste, there was going to be plenty left. They found wonderfully rich deposits of ore, great oil fields and vast stretches of the richest bituminous and anthracite coal lands; noble rivers, making fertile broad expanses of meadow, rich alluvial prairies, great plains covered with countless herds of buffalo and antelope, mountains in the West filled with min-

¹ By Gifford Pinchot. In the *National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1908.

erals, and on both coasts opportunities richer than any nation had ever found elsewhere before. They entered into this vast possession and began to use it. They did not need to think much about how they used their coal, or oil, or timber, or water—it would last—and they began to encroach on the supply with freedom and in confidence that there would always be plenty. The only word with which they described what they had when they talked about it was the word inexhaustible."

The "fable"—like other fables—has a moral, which will presently appear.

The resources of this magnificent domain of three and a half million square miles, are proving to be not "inexhaustible," and among thoughtful people there is awakening a new patriotism, whose object is the preservation of our splendid heritage for the future, and for the happiness and benefit of those who shall come after us, who—as much as we—are heirs to the inheritance.

How shall we do this? How can we make ourselves and those who shall follow us happiest, most vigorous, and most influential?

Mr. Pinchot goes on to say that according as we accept or ignore our responsibility as trustees of the nation's welfare, our children and our children's children for uncounted generations will call us blessed or will lay their suffering at our doors. We shall decide whether their lives, on

the average, are to be lived in a flourishing country full of all that helps make men comfortable, happy, strong and effective, or whether their lives are to be lived in a country like the miserable, outworn regions of the earth which other nations before us have possessed without foresight and turned into hopeless deserts ; and he reminds us that we are no more exempt from natural laws than are the people of any other part of the world.

The new patriotism calls for the replacing of forests where once the settler's axe rang out in never-ceasing efforts to clear the land of trees ; for less wasteful use of coal and oil and iron ; for the conservation of copper and of the strength of the waters, lest America should one day be without light or heat or power.

"The public lands available for homes did at one time seem 'inexhaustible' when the property of the nation embraced 1,800,000,000 acres. But this domain has now been reduced to 500,000,000 acres.¹ Much of the remaining land is desert or swamp, or is unproductive because of the severe cold of winter.

The rapid narrowing of the public domain and the tremendous increase in values make it each year more difficult for a man of small means to get a foothold on the land ; and these facts are

¹ Figures as given by C. J. Blanchard in *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1908, p. 251.

the more serious because, in the American, the home-making instinct is a strong trait, as our study has shown. Have we not watched its development all the way from New England's "storm bound coast," to the fertile valleys of the Columbia river? The nation has reached a time when the question of providing homes for the people is looming large. The answer is of tremendous national importance, for "there is no national stability in a citizenship born and reared in tenements."

The attempts to answer this question are resulting in what seems almost the creation of a new domain.

It is fascinating to stand by and watch this new creation; and also to listen, for in the new domain, as in the old, we hear again the luring call of the waters.

The pioneers of the old days followed the call with dauntless courage and unswerving resolution; not less resolute and courageous are those twentieth century pioneers—the men of the reclamation service. We recall the cutting of the Wilderness Road long ago. It was good work, and bravely done; but in the winning of the new domain roads must often be cut into solid walls of rock before the great dams for storing the waters can be even begun. In this difficult and dangerous work, men are lowered into canyons whose walls are hundreds of feet high, and with

ropes about their bodies as they work, they put in the drill holes for blasting. From such a beginning arose the highest masonry dam in the world. We may best realize its stupendous height by comparing it with some familiar building, as, for instance, the Flatiron Building in New York. Placed side by side, the Shoshone dam in Wyoming would rise one story higher.¹

Already life-giving waters flow through many thousands of acres of one-time blinding desert, but now a region of richly productive farms, and prosperous homes.

In the Great Plains, once thought to be uninhabitable, there are in process of construction eleven irrigation projects from which water is now available to fertilize 500,000 acres. Hundreds of new homes dot the prairies in readiness to put the water to use.

The engineering features of all these great undertakings deserve extended description, but space admits the mention of only two—the Sun River Project in Montana, opened to settlers in May, 1908, and the Milk River Project. In the former, the engineers propose to increase the supply by diverting water from the streams now flowing into the Pacific Ocean through a gap in the Continental divide, to a watershed which drains into the Atlantic. The Milk River scheme also needs more water; and in this case

¹ C. J. Blanchard.

Hudson's Bay will bear the loss ; for to augment the Milk River, some of the north-running streams will be turned southward.

The home-making projects of the Government include, also, the drawing off of too much water and some day where now are great and dismal swamps shall be sunny fields " bearing the bloom of the tasselled corn."

The witch-hazel wand is sensitive to water running forty or fifty feet below the surface, and has located many a well of refreshment ; this seems remarkable ; but what shall we say of that scientific skill which can unerringly show the way to waters flowing three thousand feet below ? Such wells have been sunk in the Dakotas. Flowing beneath the burning sands of Arizona are " inexhaustible " supplies of water, fresh and sweet. It remained for our generation to discover and to make use of them.

" Beyond the Rocky Mountains lies the true desert ; a land of mysterious silence, a land of potential greatness." It is often called the inland empire. Here has been wrested from a region long regarded as absolutely worthless, a home-supporting area of splendid fertility. Seventy thousand miles of canals carry life-giving waters to 10,000,000 acres which each year produce crops valued at more than \$250,000,000.

" When the magic kiss of canal-borne water " shall touch the whole of this vast " desert

empire" into life, there need be, for some years at least, no fear of congestion of population or of a want of homes.

We recall the days when a rush of settlers invaded the rich prairie lands of the "New" Northwest. Orchards, and small fruits and alfalfa were planted. These flourished and all went well and hopes were high until the extreme cold of some winter night dashed all prospects for the coming year, and also for succeeding years, and the homes of the northwest seemed doomed.

A boy growing up on one of these farms saw many hopes thus blighted and years ago set himself to the task of learning from nature how to save the homes of this beautiful and fertile but disheartening northwest.

For years he studied; he travelled far in northern regions in his search for knowledge,—and alfalfa!

Experiments were patiently made, all tests have been applied and soon will be ready for distribution seeds of alfalfa, of fruits and of vegetables, warranted to produce plants and trees which shall successfully resist not cold only but also drought and blasting winds and plant diseases.

This great discovery will bring prosperity to the northwest, homes of health and plenty, liberal education, and—let us hope—self-supporting churches.

In the old days—because of ignorance or indifference—farmers so worked their crops as to wear out the land. Present day knowledge and interest are making out of these used up lands a new domain to benefit the generations to come; and in that day perhaps there will be no “deserted” farms.

This new domain will shortly yield a certain and enormous harvest. How shall transportation facilities then equal the tremendous demand? For answer let our thoughts turn back to those musical water trails upon which the Indian or the French *voyageur* guided his birch canoe. There was now and then a break in the waterway; the canoe was carried—a mile perhaps, or ten, or twenty—until again was heard the tinkling call of the flashing water. May it not be that these old “portages” will become connecting canals, and that thus our inland waterways will meet the demand?

The new domain does not always stretch out to far horizons, but sometimes mounts upward in many storied tenements, a single building often containing a larger population than is found in many country towns. Such a population is indeed the “frontier” in the sense of being a place where new and difficult conditions must be met in new ways. City missions expand to meet the need; settlements and neighbourhood houses, deaconesses and nurses are doing a great

work, and churches are continually adding to their work "institutional" features. The subject is more fully discussed in the next chapter for the reason that in order to reach a desired point, it is sometimes necessary to "blaze a new trail."

The question for us to consider: Is the Church supplying spiritual force to this new domain with a heroism equal to that given by it to the old frontier; with energy commensurate to that of the Government in providing homes; with a devotion comparable to that of men of science who are giving their lives to making the material life of the new domain rich and full?

"A NEW PATRIOTISM"

The people of the United States are on the verge of one of the great, quiet decisions which determine national destinies. Crises happen in peace as well as in war, and a peaceful crisis may be as vital and controlling as any that comes with national uprising and the clash of arms. Such a crisis, uneventful and almost unperceived, is upon us now, and unwittingly we are engaged in making the decision that is thus forced upon us. And, so far as it has gone, our decision is wrong. Fortunately, it is not yet final.

The question we are deciding with so little consciousness of what it involves in this: What shall we do with our natural resources? Upon the final answer that we shall make to it hangs the success or failure of this nation in accomplishing its manifest destiny.

Few Americans will deny that it is the manifest destiny of the United States to demonstrate that a democratic republic is the best form of government yet devised, and that the ideals

and institutions of the great Republic taken together must and do work out in a prosperous, contented, peaceful, and righteous people; and to exercise, through precept and example, an influence for good among the nations of the world. That destiny seems to us brighter and more certain of realization to-day than ever before. It is true that in population, in wealth, in knowledge, in national efficiency generally, we have reached a place far beyond the farthest hopes of the founders of the Republic. Are the causes which have led to our marvellous development likely to be repeated indefinitely in the future, or is there a reasonable possibility, or even a probability, that conditions may arise which will check our growth?

It is this national attitude of exclusive attention to the present, this absence of foresight from among the springs of national action, which is directly responsible for the present condition of our natural resources. It was precisely the same attitude which brought Palestine, once rich and populous, to its present desert condition, and which destroyed the fertility and habitability of vast areas in Northern Africa and elsewhere in so many of the older regions of the world.

No patriotic citizen expects this nation to run its course and perish in a hundred, or two hundred, or five hundred years; but, on the contrary, we expect it to grow in influence and power and, what is of vastly greater importance, in the happiness and prosperity of our people. But we have as little reason to expect that all this will happen of itself as there would have been for the men who established this nation to expect that a United States would grow of itself without their efforts and sacrifices. It was their duty to found this nation, and they did it. It is our duty to provide for its continuance in well-being and honour.

That duty it seems as though we might neglect. Not in wilfulness, not in any lack of patriotic devotion, when once our

patriotism is aroused, but in mere thoughtlessness and inability or unwillingness to drop the interests of the moment long enough to realize that what we do now will decide the future of the nation.

The profoundest duty that lies upon any father is to leave his son with a reasonable equipment for the struggle of life and an untarnished name. So the noblest task that confronts us all to-day is to leave this country unspotted in honour, and unexhausted in resources, to our descendants, who will be, not less than we, the children of the founders of the Republic. I conceive this task to partake of the highest spirit of patriotism.—*Gifford Pinchot.*

THAT NORTHWEST PASSAGE

The mention of Hudson's Bay, or indeed of any eastern waters, calls to mind the patient search of the old voyagers for the longed for Northwest Passage. Not a stream flowed into the Atlantic Ocean that their little ships did not enter—hopefully. It is curious that just at this time, when all these rivers and many others which the old sailors knew not of, have been traced to their first little silver trickle, honours and medals should be bestowed upon the first man to sail his own ship through the much desired "Passage."

THE FOUNDATION OF THE NATION

There is congestion to-day in many of our cities, and the menace of a great population underfed and poorly housed looms more darkly each year. So great is the land hunger that already a quarter of a million families, comprising some of the best blood of the nation, have expatriated themselves and taken up new homes under a foreign flag. What is the use of preaching love of home and country when we offer nothing but crowded tenements to the toiler who seeks to earn a roof over his family?

Our nation's greatness has its foundations in the home of the man whose feet are firmly planted upon his own land. There

is no national stability in a citizenship born and reared in tenements. Patriotism, loyalty, and civic pride are not bred and fostered in the crowded centres of population. The destiny of the nation is foreshadowed in the provisions made for the prosperity and contentment of its citizens. An assurance that the great mass of our people shall reside in homes of their own is an insurance that our future will be one of stability and progress.

We pause to observe a large flock of ostriches wandering over an alfalfa meadow and rub our eyes to be sure we are really in our own country. More familiar to us appear the sleek, fat cattle standing knee-deep in the cool alfalfa. This alfalfa is a wonderful crop down here, a veritable farmer's bank account, frequently yielding twelve tons to an acre per year, worth from five to twelve dollars per ton.

We linger just a moment to gather a few oranges from the grove beside the road, and as we eat we wonder why such fruit never comes to our tables.

There is such a riot of colour about this cottage that we want to stop long enough to ask the housewife how she can get roses to bloom in this wonderful way, but we have a long journey and we only learn that most farmers' wives in this valley, having both time and inclination, delight in beautifying their homes.—*Home-Making by the Government.*

“THE LAND THAT GOD FORGOT”¹

All too quickly we have driven over this flowery, fruitful vale. With a suddenness that is startling we come upon a scene of death and desolation, where everything bears mute evidence of a terrible struggle for life. It is the land some one called “The Land that God Forgot.” Everything that grows is covered with a thorn; everything that crawls is deadly. It is a topsyturvy wonderland. We may not drink of the waters of the desert stream, for they are salty. In this strange region

¹ *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1908.

they dig for wood and climb for water, for the water is found in cup-shaped pools in the hills and the wood is the big root of the mesquite.

For twenty miles our road, a government road, stretches across the desert and we begin to feel some of its compelling and pervasive mystery. There is a beauty and charm about it, too, which cannot be described. The distant buttes are glowing richly red in the early morning light and the landscape, some one has said, "suggests a thought of God's original palette whereon He mixed the colours with which He brought forth the glories of a southwest sunset," the opal-tinted morn and the fairest shades of rose and green and yellow.

The desert vegetation is interesting. We come upon the Sahaurra, the giant cactus, the sentinel of the desert, clothed from base to top with thorns, yet bearing delicate and waxen yellow blossoms. Singly and in pairs they grow, some attaining a height of forty-five feet. Sometimes we find them in groves. The cliff-dwellers used the heart of this plant for floors in their houses.

Rising straight up from the desert is a distant range of mountains. They seem to float above the edge of the level plain, intangible and unreal, yet transcendently beautiful in colouring and contour.

As we enter the mountain country glory after glory of view is presented. Changeful, charming landscape panoramas are unfolded before us. The colours, illusive and divinely artistic, shift and change and blend as we gaze in wonder and amazement.

We are now entering upon what many travellers have described as the most wonderful highway ever made by man—a great thoroughfare built for forty miles through the heart of a rugged range of mountains and for the most part literally carved from the living rock. It would be impossible for human artist to duplicate, far less to exaggerate, the colours which the Divine Hand has put upon these stones.

I need not tell you that road-building in a country like this

was difficult; that fact stares you in the face at every point. When the surveying party reached the top of Fish Creek Hill the engineer called a halt. He wanted time to think; and the problem before him demanded thought. He looked over the cliff into a blind canyon, into which there was not even a foot trail. A thousand feet sheer below him he could discover faintly a tiny stream of water and a few green trees. How was he going to get there with a wagon road over which tons and tons of machinery must be hauled? A hurried reconnaissance disclosed the fact that to go around the canyon meant adding fifteen miles to the road. It was not to be thought of. So he decided to blast a road down the face of the steep cliff, and it was done.

It would be simply terrifying to go over the road to-day but for the fact that the Government has built it broad and comfortable, with easy grades and many safe turnouts; for standing here at the end of the road a pebble slipped from the fingers shoots almost straight down a thousand feet without stopping.

POINTERS

1. The Old and New Point of View.
2. The New Patriotism.
3. Home-Making Across the Continent—A Backward Glance.
4. The Shrinkage of the Old Domain.
5. The "Creation" of a New Domain.
6. The New Call of the Waters.
7. Saving the Homes of the Northwest.¹
8. The Inland Waterways.
9. Mounting Skywards.
10. The Destiny of America.
11. "The Land that God Forgot."
12. "A Thousand Feet Without Stopping."

QUESTIONS

1. What is the "moral" of Mr. Pinchot's fable?

¹ See "The Romance of a Scientist."—*World's Work*, April, 1908.

2. Upon what does the future prosperity of America rest?
3. Why is Home-providing a question of national importance?
4. What has brought men to the adoption of the "new point of view"?
5. How is sufficient water obtained for the vast irrigating schemes of the Government?
6. How were the underground rivers made known?
7. By whose discovery has prosperity been brought back to the Northwest? ¹
8. Are the old "Portages" likely to become connecting links in the new "Inland Waterways"? (Make a drawing of old trails and "carries.")
9. What is the "frontier" of the tenement?
10. Does the Church measure up to its opportunity?

TOPICS FOR RESEARCH

New Projects for Irrigation.
The Story of Alfalfa.
Intensive Farming.
Extensive Farming.
Hudson Bay as a Summer Resort.

FOR REFERENCE

Files of "The World's Work."
The World To-Day.
The National Geographical Magazine.
Government Reports.
Current Magazines, and
The Daily Press.
Paine:—"The Greater America."

¹ See "The Romance of a Scientist".—*World's Work*, April, 1908.

The Twentieth Century "Frontier"

VI

BLAZING A NEW TRAIL

NEW THINGS DO I DECLARE

(*Isa. 42:9*)

Behold I create new heavens and a new earth and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind.

I will put a new spirit within you. No man rendeth a piece from a new garment and putteth it upon an old garment; else he will rend the new and also the piece of the new will not agree with the old.

And no man putteth new wine into old wine-skins; else the new wine will burst the skins and itself will be spilled and the skins will perish.

But new wine must be put into fresh wine-skins.

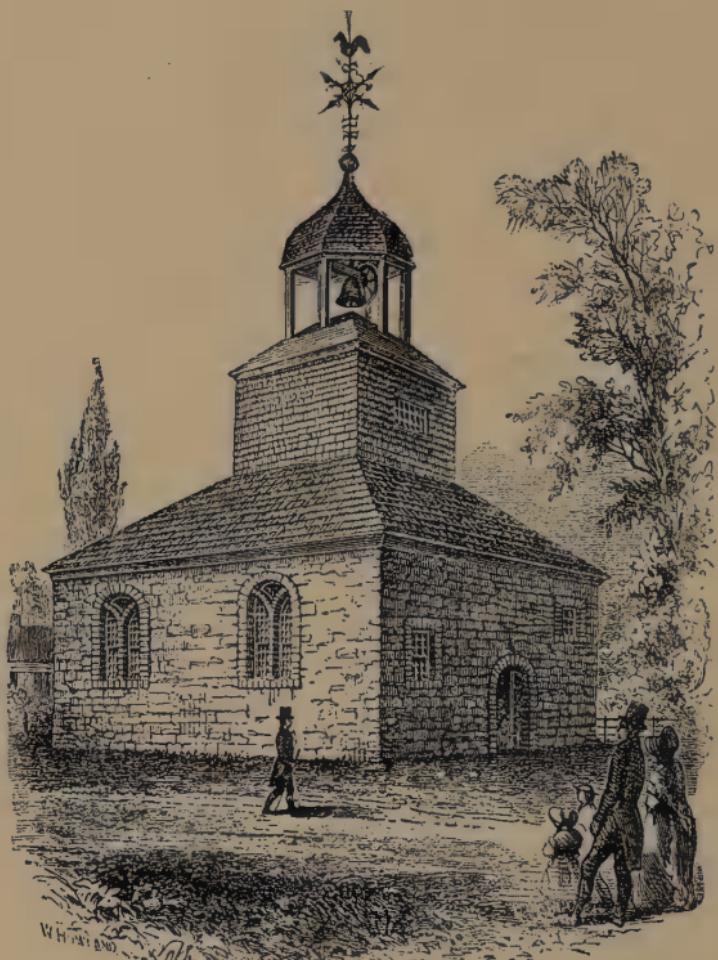
And they were all amazed insomuch that they questioned among themselves saying what is this? a new teaching?

Old things are passed away; behold they are become new.

A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Behold, I make all things new.

We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BUILDING,
JAMAICA, L. I.

VI

BLAZING A NEW TRAIL

FOR hundreds of years these words have often been read, "There shall be a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

All at once—apparently—this promise is looked at by many persons from a new point of view.

They do not now think of the new earth merely as a far off possibility in a dim, vague and distant future; rather is it our present world made righteous and "new," and this twentieth century bears the inspiration and glow of the realization that by *living* the principles and spirit of Christ we may lift the burdens and repressions that have led to so much of evil and set free forces that will make for good, and so hasten the coming of that new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness.

In some parts of our land there are terrible conditions of wretchedness and misery, which kindly disposed people have long tried to cure, or, at least, to alleviate. The new point of view

is that much of the sickness and suffering and wrong-doing is not necessary and may be prevented,—as the suffering of the man who fell among thieves when going up to Jerusalem need not have been had the Jericho road been properly policed.¹

As an illustration of the new point of view, we look back at the records of summers in the past when life was simply a long terror because yellow fever was abroad in the land. The records show shocking scenes of horror and instances of glorious heroism. Many doctors and nurses gave up their lives in efforts to check the "scourge" which was "visited" upon us. Was it a "visitation"—hopeless to strive against?

So it was once considered—but greater knowledge has changed the point of view. A few courageous pioneers went forth and blazed a new trail. Others followed. The cause was discovered, prevention was begun, and the dread of yellow fever as an epidemic has already passed away.

The terror and suffering, the selfishness and the self-sacrifice were all unnecessary had men but known how, and cared, to prevent them.

Think for a moment of the misery and wretchedness in this land owing to tuberculosis—the "white plague"; and fancy, if you can,

¹ "The New Basis of Civilization," p. 86.

America's gain in happiness and in efficiency when freed not only from the ravages of the disease but also from the fear of it. Great efforts are being put forth to accomplish this end, and also to prevent the spread of other contagious disease.

Within a short time many cities have suddenly come to a realization of the fact that the apparent listlessness and lack of mental ability and moral strength shown by thousands of school children are really a matter of imperfect nutrition.

How shall this problem of the underfed be solved? Many plans have been proposed. One described below¹ has been successfully carried out in a school where many children in the primary classes were chronically underfed, weak, undeveloped and unable to learn properly.

First of all was established a well equipped kitchen, with every appliance for the preparation and cooking of food. The cooks employed were highly skilled. Most careful study was given to securing variety as well as nutrition, and by a lavish expenditure of love and labour a series of seventeen bills of fare was prepared so that the same dish is never served more than once in three weeks. Something like this happens every day in the bright and airy dining-rooms where are seated about two hundred

¹ "The World To-day," p. 544, May, 1908.

children, eager, glad and hungry. One would suppose a long narrow table to be a necessity, but instead of it are many small tables so that groups of friends may sit together. Each is covered with a snowy linen cloth, the children have table napkins and there are bright flowers on every table. The pretty china has been chosen with much care for the reason that the teachers believe in the influence of beauty as well as cleanliness. The hot and wholesome food is brought to the tables; but before the meal begins the children sing grace,—a simple song in which all can join, no matter what the nationality or religious faith may be. Two hundred child voices fill the room with rich melody for a few seconds, after which there is the different music of the chatter of happy children, mingled with clattering dishes, knives and forks. After the meal, there is first the playground, then the schoolroom; and all the afternoon instead of hungry, listless or sullen and irritable children, the teachers have the enjoyment of scholars who are at once able and willing to be taught. Education to these wise teachers means the development of a sound mind in a sound body. They depend upon a sound physical development as the basis of mental and spiritual growth. The bright flowers continue their gentle ministry in the schoolroom, or are sent to sick children, or go to their

sick mothers in the tenement homes from which the children come.”¹

There are overworked as well as underfed little children in this land of ours. Nothing, unless it be intemperance of father or mother, makes life so pathetic as this. It is sorrowful and pathetic enough while the tiny fingers and weary little bodies ceaselessly work; and one may scarcely think of the dwarfed and thwarted after-life, if indeed there is after-life.

Here is a picture of this labour of little children in a flower factory.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,²

They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—

Little children who have never learned to play:

Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day,

Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat,

They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,

They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dewdrop in the sun.

They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,

Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;

They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,

Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,

But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams,

¹ From “The World To-day,” May, 1908. “How the world of to-day is preparing for the world of to-morrow.”

² Copyright by the S. S. McClure Company.

And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysterical screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,
Let them have a long, long play-time, Lord of Toil, when
toil is done !
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun.

Some wise person long ago discovered that all work and no play made "Jack" a dull boy. We have advanced upon this and learned that Jack without play is likely to become a bad boy as well as a dull one.

The boy in the city—where can he play? Cities are likely to continue for a long time to come; children must grow up in them, and it is surely the duty of a good citizen to see that the city is a good place for their growth. The cause of the playground has certainly advanced far when the annual report of the Park Commissioners of a certain city contains a paragraph like this :

No better use of city funds can be made than for the purchase of new playgrounds, and no citizen of _____ can make a better gift to his fellow citizens or one of more surviving value to many generations than a playground.

Even brief extracts from the many playground bulletins would exceed space limits; but we must include a few words from the Chairman of a certain Parks and Drives Committee :

Parks are no longer made for spectacular purposes. The most splendid monument cannot compete with a load of sand as a practical benefit to the children and the mothers of the children. It would give me a thousand times more pleasure to show some tired mother the way to a sand pile in a children's playground than to take the most distinguished visitor to the top of —— Hill.

The movement for children's playgrounds is scarcely ten years old, yet almost every large city of the North and East has already some free playgrounds. New York has one hundred vacation playgrounds, and twenty-six evening recreation centres. Chicago has within these ten years appropriated \$10,000,000 for small parks and playgrounds. The Chicago recreation centres provide indoor and outdoor gymnasiums for men and women, sand-gardens and wading-pools for the smaller children, ball fields for the bigger boys and men, and outdoor swimming pools. There is a National Playground Society, and in a dozen or more cities are Playground Associations. School gardens and school farms are doing wonders in character building, but in large cities it is difficult to find garden soil—so much so that the small gardeners must sometimes "take turns" in the use of tiny plots.

All these healthful activities and the sunshine and fresh air, have marvellous and permanent effect in liberating "righteousness" and diminishing crime; happy and intensely interested chil-

dren—or older people—are not usually those who fill reformatories. Notwithstanding all this, the streets claim many, many children, especially when schools are closed for the summer; notwithstanding, too, the many and delightful vacation schools.

As another illustration of the new view point, we mention that fine work of college men and women, the Vacation Daily Bible Schools, which has already developed four distinct stages. First:—A warm day in the summer vacation; the sun is hot, the city streets are dusty. Children are idling or quarrelling in these streets, their efforts at amusement having been checked by the “cop.” A pleasant-looking, energetic young lady, who walks in a way that indicates that she finds life worth living, makes her way to some of the listless or fighting children. She talks awhile in an animated way, and presently starts off in the direction of a cool-looking, ivy-covered church. The children follow her, and they all troop into the church, by one door, just at the moment when a brisk young man is ushering in a group of boys through another door.

There is singing, the beginning of what will be, before vacation is over, beautiful and delightful music. There are Bible stories, to which the children listen with great delight. Some one *who knows how* tells the story of Joseph, or David, perhaps, or Daniel. These tales are new

to the children ; they do not know, as they listen breathlessly, whether Joseph will ever get out of that well, whether the mighty giant will crush the life out of David, or how soon the lions may devour Daniel. So it is all very exciting.

After an hour of stories and more singing, there is an hour of pleasant work with the hands, weaving, carving, sewing—more singing, then the children go out again into the hot and dusty streets, but they have had a fine time and will surely come again to-morrow. Besides that pleasure, the brisk young man has invited the boys to play ball with him in the afternoon.

Second :—Many such groups in other churches of the same city.

Third :—Similar groups in other cities.

Fourth :—A national organization of such groups, which may become a pioneer to other nations.

One of the noblest illustrations of the new plan of prevention of crime and misery rather than punishment for it, is seen in the Juvenile Court. By this method of dealing with youthful breakers of the law, thousands of boys and girls are saved to live lives of right-doing, of self-respect and the respect of others. The most celebrated of these courts is in Denver, but in many cities the plan here inaugurated by Judge Lindsay has been adopted.

All these instances are simply illustrations of

the new spirit at work which would help boys and girls and men and women to come up to the highest stature of manhood and womanhood that it is possible for them to attain.

This spirit works in other ways in city and in country; among Americans and those who are becoming Americans; and thus Christian people are trying to meet the new conditions of this rapidly changing age.

Some one has said that if we could but stand off and view the events of which we are a part we would clearly see that we are in the midst of as revolutionary changes as were any movements of the Renaissance or of the Reformation, and a great writer has told us that if at this juncture we can rally sufficient religious faith and moral strength to snap the bonds of evil and turn the present unparalleled economic and intellectual resources of humanity to the harmonious development of a new social life, the generations yet unborn will mark this as that great day of the Lord for which the ages waited, and count us blessed for sharing in the apostolate that proclaimed it.¹

Thus may we see the spirit of America developed by the old frontier fulfill itself in a true Christianity, and our inheritance—won for us by the courage and labours of the pioneers, and enriched by our faith and hope and love be the yet nobler inheritance of the generations to come.

¹ "Christianity and the Social Crisis," p. 422.

HOW ONE MAN SAVED A TOWN

(To be used as a reading)

By GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT

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THE town of X——, well settled by immigrants for Connecticut and southwestern Massachusetts in 1761, was run down. Broad stretches of hillside and even some of the lowland, which once produced from fifteen to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, were covered so thickly with prairie weed (*Potentilla fruticosa*) and steeple-top that even Angora goats could not find subsistence among it. Pastures which until the middle of last century had afforded the best of grazing, pastures clean and well fenced, were now given over to brush and thistles, to brakes and briars, and the few cattle that ranged through the thickets were ill-favoured and lean-fleshed like the harbingers of famine in Pharaoh's dream.

THEN AND Now: A CONTRAST

Some of the valley meadows where our fathers

AUTHOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Gilbert's story carries us back in thought to the old frontier of New England and at the same time presents in a true picture, the twentieth century "frontier." It furnishes practical answer to many of the questions raised in the foregoing study of present-day conditions and is a fine illustration in the concrete of the "new" patriotism.

saw clover and timothy waist-high in June, and luxuriant fields of corn in August, were "sickled o'er" with a little faded wire-grass, rarely thick enough to furnish a screen for the nest of the bobolink and song-sparrow. Only the wide-spreading forests looked sound and vigorous, as one could easily believe they had appeared to the first settlers. But the people of X—— made little use of the forests.

Where the meadows and pastures were run out, the houses and barns were dilapidated, suggesting by their hingeless doors, their rotting sills and broken window-panes an abandonment of the struggle with time and the elements. Old houses were seldom repaired, new ones were never built unless for summer use by city people. The life of the town in general, prior to the career which we are about to sketch, was slowly receding. As X—— was a purely agricultural community, the exhaustion of the soil lowered the tone and vitality of the inhabitants socially and religiously, as a low fever saps the resources of the human system.

THE TREND IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

The district school was indeed still in session, but with diminishing numbers and a marked decline in the efficiency of the teachers, due, no doubt, in part to the diminution of the school funds of the town. The church also was still

open every Sunday, but the little, dispirited congregation heard no voice calling them to possess the land. Half of the meeting-house sheds were filled with old wagons, lumber and sawdust. The roll of the church contained names which even the most charitable person could not believe to be written in the book of life, and offenses against divine law which the Jews of old punished with stoning were allowed to flourish in the light of day, a constant menace to the morals of the rising generation. There had been a grange in the town for a few years, but it had gone to pieces, as everything else seemed to be doing as fast as possible. Things were not as bad in X— by a good deal as they might have been, but the trend had long been in the wrong direction. The present was depressing, and no one saw better days ahead. The settlement plan for the regeneration of decadent towns, which was to be set forth attractively and forcibly in *The Outlook* in the year 1900, had not yet risen on the thought of men.

THE STARTING-POINT OF A FORWARD MOVEMENT

Then something took place in the town of X—, in the year 1888—an event of the same mysterious sort as those that have been the starting-points of many forward movements in human history. A young man, born and brought up in the town and loving it well, who had been edu-

cated at the district school, at an academy in a neighbouring town, and an agricultural college, formed a notable decision. He had come home to the old farm with his diploma and carrying in his pocket an offer of a position with good pay in the Bureau of Agriculture in Washington. There was also the attraction of life at the national capital and of association with experts in all departments of agricultural science. But this was not all. His own brother was in Iowa on a large farm, and had written him glowing letters of the opportunities which awaited him beyond the Mississippi.

The young man in question, whose identity we may not disclose but whom we will call, symbolically, Mr. Life, was not deaf to these calls. He would have done the natural thing had he gone to Washington, or, if he wished a more independent life, had gone to Iowa. His father advised him to go into the Government office; no one held out any inducement to lead him to remain at home.

NOT MONEY BUT MANHOOD AND SERVICE: A VISION

But he had been asking the question in himself, What should be my aim in life? And whenever he thought seriously on the question, it seemed clear that the aim should not be money, but manhood and service. The question of aim

led on to the question, Where can I make most of myself and do most for my kind? Then there rose before his inner eye the vision of another town of X——, a town in which the trend was upward, where farming paid, where homes were attractive, where social life was clean and generous, where school and church stood for more than they did at present or ever had in the past. What nobler ambition could he have than to realize this vision? Would not this be as worthy a contribution to his native land as he could hope to make anywhere? The vision haunted him, and, believing that he could turn the tide of affairs in X——, he decided to do it.

This was twenty years ago, and twenty years are not a long time in the life of a town. But the tide was turned, and the vision of the young man has been in part realized. And this is how it has been done.

TURNING THE TIDE

In ten years he rejuvenated the old farm. He knew that this was fundamental, that his vision of a higher town life rested on clear success in farming. Here he was confronted by three serious problems, which tested his Yankee wit as well as his experience and knowledge gained at the agricultural college. There was, first of all, the problem of help. The physical tasks awaiting him were too great for one man, how-

ever strong and full of hope. Otherwise his father would have accomplished those tasks, but as a matter of fact he was always "under the harrow."

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF "HELP"

Following the example of a lumberman whom he knew, Mr. Life went to New York, hired a young Swede, and brought him with his wife back to X—. The old tenement which his father had used for storage had been thoroughly repaired, freshly painted and papered, and provided with new furniture. This involved some expense, but he felt that it was good business policy as well as a Christian sort of thing to give the man who was to work with him an attractive and comfortable home. He had even had the forethought, while in New York, after he had found his man, to subscribe for a Swedish weekly for him; and perhaps it is not too much to say that the spirit which prompted this little act for the stranger who was to farm with him up in X— was itself, in good part, the solution of the labour problem in his case. It was this spirit which led him at the end of a year to take the Swede into partnership with him, giving him besides his monthly wage a percentage of all produce that was marketed. After three years a second Swedish family, near relatives of the first, was secured, and the farm now afforded ample oppor-

tunity for all. To anticipate a little, it may be noticed here that the second man turned out to be an exceptionally successful gardener, and a piece of land which had yielded about thirty dollars a year in grass, a swampy place infested by moles, was brought by him in three summers to yield—chiefly in celery—just thirty-fold as much revenue. Little more need be said of Mr. Life's relation to the problem of help. The immigrant and coöperation in a liberal spirit—this was the solution in his case.

THE SECOND PROBLEM

The second problem which the young man faced was the restoration of the soil. Here his agricultural course and his constant contact, through books and papers, with the Government experiment stations and with progressive farmers—for there *are* progressive farmers even in rural New England—were of great value. Fully forty acres of his two hundred he proceeded at once to reforest, sowing sugar maple seed over a large area that was most easily accessible, and a variety of coniferous and deciduous trees on the remaining acres, making a special experiment with the eucalyptus for railway ties. These forty acres are now rapidly becoming a valuable asset, and promise in another twenty years to be worth several times as much as the entire farm when he took it.

CONCENTRATION

In regard to the better grade of land, that which was tolerably level and free from rocks, the chief point in Mr. Life's method, as he tells me, was concentration. Not concentration on one crop, for he has greatly increased the variety of products from his farm, but concentration on a small piece of land. Beginning with a few acres, he has now, in twenty years, brought from thirty to thirty-five acres of land up to a high state of fertility. He soon discovered that the soil was not so completely exhausted as had been thought. It was in part only "tired" of doing the same thing year after year, with no assistance except that of rain and sun. Intensive farming, such as is practised in Saxony, for example, Mr. Life thinks best adapted, not only to his place in X—, but to hundreds of farms throughout New England.

THE PROBLEM OF A MARKET

The third and more delicate of the greater problems which had to be met by Mr. Life was how to market his produce. No one in X— understood how to do this. Maple syrup of excellent quality was sold in bulk for sixty or seventy cents a gallon, and then, having been heavily adulterated, was retailed in the cities for twice as much. Mr. Life did what all farmers in similar circumstances must learn to do, indi-

vidually or coöperatively ; he studied the markets, visited two or three of the nearest large cities, showed his produce in practical and attractive form, and sold direct to large houses. He learned in this way what was demanded, in what form various articles were most salable, and where to sell. The amount saved in this manner, together with the saving on some of the larger purchases necessary for the home and farm, which he secured by buying in the city, was of itself sufficient to make a success of what would otherwise have been the old discouraging story. There was also a real satisfaction, not to be overlooked, in the consciousness of being able decently and profitably to complete the farmer's task.

AFTER TEN YEARS

These three problems, though by no means the only ones which confronted Mr. Life, are enough to introduce into this brief chronicle. With their solution and ten years of enthusiastic work, the old farm was transformed and the material basis was secured for the realization of the higher part of his vision. He had made farming pay in X—, pay not only in dollars and in the large increase in the value of property, but also in pleasure and in the sense of power that was gained by triumphing over adverse conditions. His example gave light and hope to

others in the neighbourhood, and a half-dozen farms were soon beginning to rise with his own. In more than one case intelligent coöperation proved that where there had previously been hardly enough to feed and clothe one family there was now enough to feed and clothe two, and something left over.

INTENSIVE FARMING

The idea of intensive farming also won its way, and, as the years have passed, it has created little oases in the midst of the general poverty of the fields. In regard to the marketing of produce, the neighbours of Mr. Life were glad to make use of his knowledge and ability, for not every farmer was qualified to follow his example ; and the result was a coöperative sellers' league, through which Mr. Life, who has always been its president and has gladly given his services, has been able to raise the standard of excellence in a number of important products.

THE ORIGINAL AIM

But in the ten years given to saving the old farm Mr. Life did not lose sight of his original aim—manhood and service. Instead of fading into the light of common day, his vision of a higher type of town took on new definiteness, and seemed more realizable and worth while than at first. As he succeeded in farming, and

saw the new spring time, which was calling out a wealth on his own place undreamed of before, touching one and another of the neighbouring farms, he began to wonder whether he could not carry on into the higher life of the town the principles by which he was solving the problems of the material life. He pondered the matter deeply.

THE SCHOOL AND THE CHURCH

The little unpainted schoolhouse, half buried in a tangle of choke-cherry bushes, which he saw twenty times a day, often reminded him of it, and he could not fail to think upon it Sunday, when, with a few others, he went to the well-nigh deserted and altogether discouraged village church. Could he do for the school and the church anything like what he had done for his farm ?

So he asked himself what he had really done for the farm, and found that he could state it very simply.

MAKING IT PAY

He had put himself into it ; he had made it pay ; by making it pay he had awakened the desire in other farmers to put his ideas into practice, and they had begun to do it. He had not urged his neighbours to change their methods. He had not taken pains to distribute among

them books and papers on agriculture or magazine articles on the decadent New England town. He had just shown them that farming in X — might be made to pay well. Thus far this had been his only gospel—not preached but simply incarnated in his new-old farm. Not all heeded it, but some did, and the tide was turned. Could he apply this simple principle to the higher life of X — ?

This is what Mr. Life undertook in earnest about ten years ago. The district school, as it was near and drew its pupils from his immediate neighbourhood, seemed the best field in which to begin. He knew he was not a trained educator, but he was on the ground and the trained educator was not, and, moreover, he knew the people. So, in the leisure which he was now able to get from farm work, he studied this new soil and began to put his life into it, as he had put it into his land ten years before.

STUDY OF THE NEW SOIL

The voters of the district had confidence in him, for he had not only saved his farm, but he had done it in a generous, neighbourly spirit. When, therefore, he said that the school ought to yield double or treble the returns which they were getting from it, and that he thought he saw how this could be done, they replied that if he would go ahead they would follow. The result

—for we cannot follow the course of affairs in detail—was briefly this: At the end of five years they had had but two teachers, and hoped to keep the present one indefinitely; they had their studies graded as in the Massachusetts grammar schools; they had a library of between sixty and seventy volumes, in which the history of New England, the poets and essayists of New England, had a prominent place; and best of all, to judge from the interest which the children took in its varied occupations and aims, was the school farm of two acres fenced and given by Mr. Life for the use of the scholars.

THE SCHOOL FARM

All work on it was directed by a committee of three, consisting of the teacher and of one boy and one girl elected annually by the school. Mr. Life, besides furnishing the children seed and friendly advice, offered to take all the produce of the school farm at its market value. He made a suggestion, which has become a tradition at the school, that the children should have one-half of all that they could produce, and that they should give the other half to the beautifying of the schoolhouse.

Two facts remain to be noticed in this connection. As the school entered on its sixth year, the children of two neighbouring districts, seeing what was going on, asked if they might not come

to this school. The outcome was that the nearer of the two districts was merged in Mr. Life's, and the school funds were correspondingly increased. The children were eager to go the longer distance for the sake of being in "Mr. Life's school."

PROGRESSIVE FARMERS' WIVES

The other fact is this: In the ten years since the rebirth of the school, whose roll has never contained more than thirty names, seven have gone away for further education, while in the twenty-five years *prior* to that event only one pupil of the school had continued his studies. And besides this a considerable number of the scholars have imbibed so much of Mr. Life's spirit in the school farm that, if they become farmers or farmers' wives in X —, it is almost certain that they will be of the progressive sort. It is no wonder, then, that Mr. Life sees in the metamorphosis of the district school of his neighbourhood a partial fulfillment of his vision, nor that he takes pleasure in turning a generous part of the increase of his farm into this hopeful channel.

But in following Mr. Life's relation to the children of his neighbourhood we have passed the beginning of his third effort for his native town. He had made his farm a gospel to the countryside; he had made his district school a magnet

which actually drew boys and girls from adjoining districts ; but for a long time he saw no way of applying his fundamental principle to the church.

“ CONCENTRATION ” ONCE MORE

He felt that the church, or rather the religious nature of the membership, was in a condition similar to that of his poorest land, which he was now reforesting. But how reforest this spiritually waste soil ? How should he help to make the church in its way as attractive as his meadows or the school farm ? He was ready to give of his life, if he could see how to do it so as to secure adequate returns. It finally occurred to him, to use his own figure, that he might regard the minister as he did the piece of land which he chose at the first for intensive farming. So he quietly began to concentrate his energies at this point. He brought the minister again and again to his farm, showed him just how he made the farm pay, explained how the soil had been raised to a high state of fertility, how he utilized all waste, and how he disposed of his produce.

BREAKING THE BAN OF HOPELESSNESS

At length, when he had baptized the minister in his own enthusiasm for farming, when he had broken the ban of hopelessness that had always seemed to rest on him, and had created in

him an interest in something progressive, he told him frankly of his aim in life—that his farm was intended as an evangelist, and invited him to become a silent partner and to receive, for three years at least, one-quarter of the farm's net earnings for use in his church work. This experience was to the minister like the appearance of the angel to Paul on the ship which was driving helplessly and hopelessly before the northeast typhoon. He saw the analogy between an exhausted farm and an exhausted church, and argued that he ought to be able to secure as clear a transformation of his church as Mr. Life had made of the old meadows.

The idea of intensive spiritual farming took hold of him. He began to try it on himself. Instead of getting next to nothing from two hundred acres—planted, so to speak, for sociology, evolution, political economy, theology ancient, theology modern, new and newest—he decided to concentrate on the simple religion of Jesus.

INTENSIVE SPIRITUAL FARMING

And as he did so there was at once a new note in his preaching, a new spirit in his life, and, what had been unknown in the church of X—for a generation, there were unmistakable signs of power. Here was something so new and strange that he hardly knew what to think of

it—returns, dividends, income from his religion. Here was something, after all, that *paid*.

Of course his work in the parish, with scarcely any premeditation on his part, became intensive like that which he had been doing in his own study. It is too soon to say much of results, even if I were at liberty to do so. Exhausted land can be renewed in three or four years; an exhausted church requires longer. But it is clear that a new day has dawned in the church of X—. There are no more organizations for religious work. Indeed, it is quite likely that the arrival of *life* may render some of the existing organizations unnecessary.

“ ’Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
More life and fuller that we want.”

Intensive farming brought increase of life to the meadows in X—, and is doing the same in the church.

THE VISION COMING TO FULFILLMENT

Twenty years are just passed, and the vision is coming to fulfillment. At three crucial points the tide has been turned. This has been done from within, and every one who visits Mr. Life's farm or the district school, as I have done, will say that his work pays. Yes, and every one who has an ear for the Gospel, every one who recognizes the signs of spiritual power, will say

that nothing that Mr. Life has done is really paying better than his private partnership with the village minister.

In a few months our New England schools of agriculture will confer diplomas on about seventy-five young men. Of these a few may enter the employ of the Government, more will probably feel called to become teachers in the rapidly developing agricultural institutions of the country; but if half of the number, yea, if one-quarter or even one-tenth of the number, would dedicate themselves, in the spirit of Mr. Life, to the rejuvenation of rural New England, they would make this year forever memorable. If rural New England is to be saved for the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, if it is to furnish in coming years a high type of agricultural prosperity and an increasing number of homes in which leaders shall be trained who will be worthy of the New England succession, then something like the career of Mr. Life must enter into the history of many towns.

THE OLD AND NEW CHARITY

Civilization spares us more and more the sight of anguish, and our imaginations must be correspondingly sharpened to see in the check-book an agent as spiritual and poetic as the grime and bloodstain of ministering hands.

“In the capitalists the corrective emotion is a generosity that is developing in two forms. The first may be called *use-altru-*

ism, for it is such paternal kindness as opens private picture-galleries to the public and permits a limited and conditional use of the parks and gardens of estates. In that measure it adds to the fund of socialized wealth. The other sort is an economic altruism, a public generosity which is willing to bestow gifts without conditions and to be taxed for public and far-reaching ends. Both kinds grow rapidly; and each capitalizes wealth for social purposes with the quality of future utility. It is this quality which must be lacking in service-altruism. The difference is that which separates the old from the new charity. The one crossed the road to help the Samaritan after he had suffered under bad conditions of highway management; the other patrols the road and arrests the wayside thieves before the traveller falls among them. Service-altruism binds the wounds, breathes forgiveness, and solaces the victims of recurring disasters without attacking their causes. Income-altruism hews to their base, for it has the money power to police and to light the road to Jericho."

Character is aroused by vivid ideas and long-sought ends. It is never built out of new material or improved by hardship and restraint.

It often happens that the simplest means attain the greatest ends. Taken alone, pleasure appears sinful, and work is a drudgery, but when the two are united in just proportions the effects seem magical.

Now look at the brighter side. It is, without doubt, more difficult than was once believed to lift a man with normal faculties to a higher plane of existence; but it is far easier than we have thought to raise a man below the general level of humanity up to it. There are no differences between him and his normal neighbours which cannot be rapidly obliterated. He does not lack their blood, but their health, their good fortune, their culture, and their environment. The doctrine that teaches that evolution is the slowest of moving forces also teaches that the distinctions between men on the two sides of the line of poverty

are frailer than we have been led to believe. The faculties and social qualities of human nature were implanted in it before the beginnings of history; but health, vigour, and good fortune are determined by to-day's environment.—*The New Basis of Civilization.*

A THOUSAND MILES OF BOYS

Next July a message is to be carried afoot from the Mayor of New York to the Mayor of Chicago. The carriers will be seven hundred boys between fifteen and seventeen years old. For a week or so, during the night as well as the day, some lad will be speeding across the country at the rate of a mile run. The first will start from the City Hall in New York and run northward. At the end of a mile a second will be awaiting him and on his arrival will seize the message and carry it to the next mile-post. There is probably but one organization that could select these carriers solely from its own membership along the route, and, by representatives already on the line of the race, arrange for all details and guard the race as it occurs. That organization is the Young Men's Christian Association. The boys selected for this event will be under special training. No boy will have any other competitor than time, or receive any prize other than the honour of wearing his Association's colours. A generation ago no religious organization could have attempted anything of this sort. What the Young Men's Christian Association has accomplished in uniting with the Hebrew the Greek ideal in religion, interpreting Christianity as a force for the welfare of the whole man, body as well as mind and spirit, is dramatically embodied in this picturesque undertaking.—*The Outlook.*

THE PRAYER

Lover of souls, indeed,
But Lover of bodies too,
Seeing in human flesh
The God shine through;

Hallowed be Thy name,
And, for the sake of Thee,
Hallowed be all men,
For Thine they be.

Doer of deeds divine,
Thou, the Father's Son,
In all Thy children may
Thy will be done,
Till each works miracles
On poor and sick and blind,
Learning from Thee the art
Of being kind.

For Thine is the glory of love,
And Thine the tender power,
Touching the barren heart
To leaf and flower,
Till not the lilies alone,
Beneath Thy gentle feet,
But human lives for Thee
Grow white and sweet.

And Thine shall the Kingdom be,
Thou Lord of Love and Pain,
Conqueror over death
By being slain.
And we, with the lives like Thine
Shall cry in the great day when
Thou comest to claim Thine own,
“All Hail! Amen.”

—*Dawson.*

THE SOCIAL CRISIS

Since the Reformation began to free the mind and to direct the force of religion towards morality there has been a perceptible increase of speed. Humanity is gaining in elasticity

and capacity for change and every gain in general intelligence, in organizing capacity, in physical and moral soundness, and especially in responsiveness to ideal motives, again increases the ability to advance without disastrous reactions. The swiftness of evolution in our own country proves the immense latent perfectibility in human nature.

Last May a miracle happened. At the beginning of the week the fruit trees bore brown and greenish buds. At the end of the week they were robed in bridal garments of blossom. But for weeks and months the sap had been rising and distending the cells and maturing the tissues which were half ready in the fall before. The swift unfolding was the culmination of a long process. Perhaps these nineteen centuries of Christian influence have been a long preliminary stage of growth, and now the flower and fruit are almost here.

Western civilization is passing through a social revolution unparalleled in history for scope and power. Its coming was inevitable. The religious, political, and intellectual revolutions of the past five centuries, which together created the modern world, necessarily had to culminate in an economic and social revolution such as is now upon us.

By universal consent, this social crisis is the overshadowing problem of our generation. The industrial and commercial life of the advanced nations are in the throes of it. In politics all issues and methods are undergoing upheaval and re-alignment as the social movement advances. In the world of thought all the young and serious minds are absorbed in the solution of the social problems. Even literature and art point like compass-needles to this magnetic pole of all our thought.

Individually we are not more gifted than our grandfathers, but collectively we have wrought out more epoch-making dis-

coveries and inventions in one century than the whole race in the untold centuries that have gone before. If the twentieth century could do for us in the control of social forces what the nineteenth did for us in the control of natural forces, our grandchildren would live in a society that would be justified in regarding our present social life as semi-barbarous.—*Christianity and the Social Crisis*.

HEALTH AND SANITY

That there is a tide in the affairs of men, with flood and ebb, we will admit readily enough, even without the added assurance of the poet. All about us, if our eyes are open to see, we discover the subsiding of certain great tides of popular feeling. Equally clear is the rising of others, slowly, perhaps, like the water-line on a shallow beach, or as swiftly as a tidal wave. Public interest goes by pulses.

Magazines devoted to physical training, to athletic sports; articles everywhere on good health and right living, indicate the enormous, unprecedented interest which the American public feels just now in setting life right on the physical side.

Has the tide reached the flood yet? It is hard to say. But one thing is certain; there will be a turn eventually—a slow but inevitable subsidence. It is neither good science nor good sense to disregard this fact.

As significant, perhaps, if not more so, is the universal interest, of only a few years' growth, in the subject of personal and public hygiene. "The city of Philadelphia spends more annually in the interest of public health than did the whole English-speaking world a century ago." The sanitary conditions of the tenements is now a matter of official inspection. Free public baths are provided in many cities. Restrictions have been placed upon the employment of child-labour and the labour of women. The sanitary condition of the factories is the subject of official inquiry and of legal responsibility.

Before this present great wave of interest in the health of

children subsides, we must get our boards of education to incorporate into their structures this provision for the creation of departments of school hygiene.

Without basis of good health for our children our other efforts are of little value. Our education, science, literature, architecture, and even our religion are of no avail unless the human race itself remains healthy and sane. The schools are now a predominant influence in the lives of our children and must be guided towards health.—*Dr. Luther Gulick.*

HOW TO REACH THE IDEALS

In whatever direction progress may seem to lie, an ideal has been erected as the prize to be striven for which shines forth in our thoughts; but the means of reaching it are not also made vivid. And therefore we honour the herculean toilers who strive to cut direct roads towards the goal of the ideal. We encourage self-denial when we should encourage self-expression. We try to suppress vices when we should release virtues. We laud country life when we should strive for the improvement of cities. We judge the poor by their family history when we should judge them by their latent powers. We impose penalties when we should offer rewards. We ask for the gratitude of the poor when we ought to point out their rights to them. We dwell too long upon the weakness of the man who drinks and too little upon why the saloon remains at the corner.—*The New Basis of Civilization.*

CHRISTIAN MEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN REPUBLIC

The possibility of the American Republic lies in her people. There never was a greater mistake than to assume that our institutions are safe because we have free schools and a free public opinion which finds expression through a free ballot. China has had schools, but her people are not blessed. For three centuries

Spain had town governments as independent and self-supporting and as representative as those of New England, but her people were not prosperous. De Tocqueville says that fifty years before the great revolution public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is in America, but it did not save France. What China and Spain and France needed was men and that is what America needs and must have; men, men who are prepared to look their own destiny and their own responsibilities in the face and prepare for the destiny by meeting the responsibilities.

This is our need—Christian manhood. The stream retreats to its source. The heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon. The great tides of political and social achievement do not rise above the manhood of a nation's citizens.

“God give us men! A time like this demands
Clean minds, pure hearts, true faith, and ready hand.
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men whom desire for office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who have honour; men who will not lie;
Tall men; sun-crowned men; men who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.”

Such men are cultured only by Christianity. Let Christianity have full play in America, in her schools and in her legislatures, in her business and in her politics, in her homes and in her churches and there will be developed a fine Americanism and there is nothing finer than a fine Americanism.—“*Christian America.*”

“And I remember still
The words, and from whence they came,
Not he that repeateth the name
But he that doeth the will.
And him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,

Through the cornfield's waving gold
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.

“ And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
To the centuries that shall be.
From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows.

“ Poor sad humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary round it came,
Unto the simple thought,
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still,
Not he that repeateth the name
But he that doeth the will.”

—Longfellow.

POINTERS

1. Submission *versus* Prevention.
2. The National Health Association.
3. Diseases once thought hopeless now almost or quite stamped out.
4. Change in view point, in morals also. Lotteries and duels for instance, were once accepted without question.
5. The Problem of the Underfed.
6. How solved? in Europe and in America.
7. Tenement House Reform.
8. Playground Association.
9. Vacation Daily Bible Schools.
10. The Juvenile Court.

QUESTIONS

1. Name at least ten “ twentieth century pioneers ” who have blazed a new trail for altruistic advance.
2. Does the Church practice the old or the new method of dealing with suffering and wrong-doing?

3. Give Bible foundations for the new ways of meeting the new conditions of the twentieth century "frontier."
4. What are the present gains of the Child Labour League?
5. What are after-results of child labour?
6. What plans are in process of formation in regard to health officers in public schools?
7. Sum up present achievements of the Playground Association.
8. What is the "Juvenile Court," as administered by Judge Lindsay?
9. How may the Spirit of America as developed by the old frontier be fulfilled in a true Christianity?

FOR REFERENCE

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- "The New Basis of Civilization."
- "Christianity and the Social Crisis."
- "The Social Teachings of Jesus."
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- "Rural Development."—*The Commons*, June 6, 1908.
- "Art Brought into the Lives of Wage-Earners."—*Charities*, Feb. 4, 1905.
- "The Kid Wot Works at Night."—*Everybody's*, January, 1908.

WHY ARE THEY STARVING?

Teachers say that school children are starving on the East Side and fainting in class rooms every morning. The situation is so grave that relief committees are organizing to open free

kitchens. One school principal testifies that he knows of twenty pupils in his institution alone who have been coming to their studies without breakfast. Numerous other reputable citizens familiar with the Russian Jewish quarters where the destitution is reported, bear witness to a similar state of affairs within their respective circles of acquaintance. There is, therefore, no good reason for dismissing the whole matter as an invention of soft-hearted charity workers, or as a sensational press. Inasmuch as publicity will probably relieve the plight of these hungry children, it is pertinent to ask how circumstances have conspired to cause such distress and how a recurrence of present conditions may be made more difficult.

School children are starving partly because their parents are desperately ignorant, but partly also as a result of the educated public's sluggish response to the suggestions and demands of highly trained, experienced charity workers. It is significant that the suffering is found chiefly among Russian Jewish children. Heavily handicapped by Oriental superstitions, ignorance of the English language and American customs and by an almost inevitable clannishness, the Russian Jewish parent is sure to feel the pinch of poverty in dull times long before the wide-awake, mobile, optimistic Italian, or the cleanly, independent, quick-witted North European does. But even this disadvantage might be overcome in large measure if the American people would give serious thought to the vital problem of distributing labour. Owing to neglect in this matter, East Siders cannot find bread for their children, while the Kansas farmers' employment bureaus are hunting for twenty-eight thousand farm-hands. Thanks to it, in part, drunken ditch-diggers in Nevada have all the work they care to undertake at four dollars a day, while skilled mechanics in large Eastern towns spend all their savings in an idle winter. The three requisites of an effective distributing system are, for all practical ends, wholly lacking in this country. There is no national or interstate employment bureau financed and managed on a scale commensurate with its duties and opportunities. There is no system of cheap railway transportation for working men going to and from employ-

ment. The "man with the hoe" must travel from town to town either at the same rates which merchants pay or else free "on the bumpers" with the "hoboes." Finally, there are no labour colonies for the reception on honourable terms of honest working men in times of acute depression. Is it strange that children go hungry on the East Side? Rather is it remarkable that there is not far more misery.

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